

SATURDAY, MAY 6, 1879.

CONGRESS.

Congress adjourned Tuesday after a long and arduous fight with the White House Fraud in behalf of the interests of the people. From the very necessities of the case the Democrats had to abate somewhat their original demands, and accept less than they first asked for. They did not have a two-thirds majority and could not pass their measures over the presidential veto, by adjournment they secured large results highly beneficial to the whole country.

As the law now stands, there can be no interference of the army with elections by the people.

The藩篱 Jurors' test 30th law, by which all juries in the Federal courts could be organized, at the pleasure of the judge, to the exclusion of every true southern white man and packed with rascals and negroes to convict, regardless of the law or testimony, has been wiped from the statute books, and Confederate soldiers and sympathizers are an illegible as anybody. The right to be tried by a jury of his peers has been restored to every man in the South.

On the subject of United States Marshals and supervisors of the State, the Fraud and Congress agreed to disagree. Congress, after securing all the benefits above mentioned, passed a bill appropriating six hundred thousand dollars to the pay of U. S. Marshals; but explicitly provided that they should not be used about the polls at elections. This bill was voted, and thereupon Congress adjourned. The appropriation for the payment of Federal Marshals expired June 30th. They can get no money until Congress meets in December, and the consequence is that there will be some pretty hungry Marshals before the winter sets in.

The Fraud once spoke of calling Congress together again in extra session to provide for the payment of Marshals, but he caught sight of the backbone of Democratic Congressmen, and abandoned the idea of coercion.

Altogether we think Congress has done well. It takes time to undo the bad legislation of years in the face of a powerful minority, and our people should rest satisfied with the situation as it is. By the election of good men, sensible men, firm men, capable men, to represent them, they will before long secure all the political benefits that heart can wish or patriotic mind conceive. Let us learn to labor and wait, and all will be well.

THE FAIR.

It will be seen from the proceeding of a meeting published this week that we were to have a county fair held here this year.

Those citizens of the county who have taken hold of it, have gone into it in no half hearted way, and we hazard nothing in saying it will be the most successful fair the county has had.

The premiums will all be paid in money and will be liberal. It is the design of the Association to have the money go back to the people in the shape of premiums, after the necessary expenses of the fair are deducted. No one wants to make anything out of it, and the people will consequently receive back in premiums almost the entire amount of gate money they pay in. We think we hazard nothing in saying this much.

Premiums will be offered on pretty much the same list of articles as heretofore, and with this light before them, our people can go forward at once making preparation to take prizes.

Work will soon be begun on the track and fair grounds, and the whole will be put in better order than ever before.

We hope the people of all sections of the county will come up to the help of the fair, by exhibiting the fruits of their labors and a liberal attendance. No money is asked for except the small sum paid in at the gate. It is a Calhoun county enterprise and all are jointly interested in seeing it a success. Surrounding counties have instituted similar enterprises, and it will not do to allow either Talladega or Etowah to eclipse us in this matter. Put on your county pride and rally to the fair as one man.

The gate fees have been reduced until they are within the reach of every man, having been fixed at only 25 cents.

Begin to make preparation to come to the fair.

At the late State Sunday School Convention, held in Montgomery, the attendance was very large, nearly every county in the State being represented. The report from Calhoun county showed a larger number of pupils and teachers in Sunday Schools, than any other county in the State, in proportion to population. This is creditable to Calhoun, and will be duly appreciated abroad. Let the good work go on.

CALHOUN COUNTY FAIR.

PUBLIC MEETING.

At a called meeting of citizens of Jacksonville June 23rd, to take into consideration the propriety of holding a County Fair this Fall, Wm. M. Haines was called to the chair and L. W. Grant was requested to act as secretary.

Messrs Jas. Crook and H. L. Stevenson both explained the object of the meeting at the request of the Chairman, and both advocated a perpetuation of our annual County Fair by all means.

After a warm discussion as to the manner in which the Association should be organized it was finally resolved to appoint a committee of seven, of which Wm. M. Haines was chairman, to take into consideration the whole matter and report at a meeting to be held the 30th day of June.

Monday June 30, the meeting was called to order by the chairman. Some members of the county G. A. G. were in attendance and assured the meeting that the Grange as an organization had abandoned the management of the Fair, but that the members of the order still wished it success and would contribute to that end by attendance and competition for premiums.

Wm. M. Haines, chairman of committee appointed at first meeting, then reported that the trustees of the College building and fair grounds were perfectly willing to surrender the same to the Association for the purpose of holding a fair, and that the committee was of unanimous opinion that a fair should be held. The report of the committee was received and adopted.

It was further resolved that the association be called the "Calhoun County Fair Association." On motion the meeting then went into the election of officers with the following result:

J. D. Hammond, President.
T. W. Francis, Genl Superintendent.
W. P. Cooper, Assistant Superintendent.

L. W. Cannon, Treasurer.

I. L. Swan, Secretary.

Bennett F. Crook, Cor. Secretary.

Vice Presidents.—Abram Leverett of Clay, J. H. Johnson of Talladega, W. P. Howell of Clanton, J. D. Truss of St. Clair, S. K. McSpadden of Cherokee, W. M. Meeks of Etowah, and A. Woods, Alfred L. Tyler, D. D. Draper, A. J. H. Borders, A. M. Stewart, P. P. Lindber, John Y. Henderson, Henry McElher and Jas. H. Savage of Calhoun.

Board of Directors.—H. L. Stevenson, J. W. Whiteside, M. H. Fowler, Robt. McLean, J. W. Burke, Whit Scarborough, Jas. Crook.

On motion the President, Treasurer, Secretary and General Superintendent were declared to be ex officio members of the board of Directors.

It was resolved that the Fair be held this year at the fair Grounds on College Hill, in Jacksonville, ~~on the 2nd, 3rd, 4th, 5th, 6th, 7th, 8th, 9th, 10th, 11th, 12th, 13th, 14th, 15th, 16th, 17th, 18th, 19th, 20th, 21st, 22nd and 23rd days~~.

It was further resolved that all the premiums shall be money premiums.

It was further resolved that the Gate fees shall be 25 cents for all over seven years.

It was further resolved that the Board of Directors shall have the disposition of the surplus fund, if any, that may remain after the payment of premiums and necessary expenses.

Jacksonville Republican and Oxford Record were requested to publish these proceedings.

Wm. M. Haines, Chairman.

L. W. Grant, Secretary.

Owing to the fact that Rome and Montgomery have made such vast preparation for the celebration of the Glorious Fourth, the free excursion over the Jacksonville Great Eastern and Southwestern Tram R. R. has been postponed until the next Fourth of July. The places mentioned had already monopolized all the big men of the country, and as we couldnt get first best, we wouldnt have any. It was conveniently expected here at one time, when we were thinking of the free excursion, that Mr. J. S. Davis would orate at Turner's Culvert; that Gen. Sherman would speak at the grand Canyon, and that the silvery tongued Morgan would be heard at Land's Station, while other attractions would be offered at other points along the line (at Goodlett's Gulch, and Brewton's Bend for instance) but, alas, it is not to be this year. Well, these big men will keep, and we may have them yet. Mr. Cooper says that the deposits of iron are practically inexhaustible, and that the Great Eastern and Southwestern Tram Road will be an institution of Jacksonville for years to come.

The Teachers' Institute of this county was in session here three days in this week, and the exercises have been both pleasant and profitable, both to the teachers and audience. Some very able papers were read from day to day, and the discussion following each was highly interesting. A press of business in the office and absence from town the last day of the session, prevented that constant attendance on our part that we desired, but we had a reporter in the hall who will give his impressions of the Institute in our next issue.

The teachers' Institute of this county showed a larger number of pupils and teachers in Sunday Schools, than any other county in the State, in proportion to population. This is creditable to Calhoun, and will be duly appreciated abroad. Let the good work go on.

THE ULTIMATUM.

The Washington Post says the Democratic party cannot ask or hope for better issue on which to go to the country than that is presented in Mr. Hayes' veto of the judicial expenses bill.

The only ground on which either Mr. Hayes or his party base objections to the measure is that it prohibits the use of any money in the treasury for the payment of partisan officials to supervise and control elections. This is the head and front and full extent of all the offending in the bill. It provides abundantly for all the expenses of the courts, and all the machinery for the department of justice, but it strictly prohibits the use of funds to pay deputy marshals for services in carrying close districts for Republican candidates.

The country is familiar with the whole story of deputy marshals and elections. It has been shown that these officials have been appointed for partisan service and for nothing else; that they have been placed in close districts for the avowed purpose of making such districts go Republican; that many men of the most infamous character have been selected for this vilest of partisan work; that citizens have been insulted, bullied and maltreated; arrested and locked up at the will of the despicable tools for no crime or misdemeanor, but for the sole purpose of intimidation and for premiums.

Mrs. Peltland wife of A. Poland, of Belgium, visiting the Three Island, near Nitigala Falls, last Sunday, stooped to get a drink, when she slipped, fell over the bank and was carried over Horse Shoe Falls. She and her husband were making an extended wedding tour around the world.

The Tuscaloosa Gazette says: "F. Ellis, Fish Commissioner, has deposited at our wharf in the Warrior, 42,000 young shad, with the injunction to increase and multiply."

Also Dr. Caldwell sends us word that a headless negro was born in the neighborhood of Carthage, about two weeks ago. It's perfect, except its upper works—headless, having no neck or brains. Here is a case for Congressional reconstruction, and the appointment of a Committee of Investigation. It is a case of intimidation.

The Fort Payne Journal says: Our information in regard to the shad deposit in Wili's creek last week was slightly incorrect. It was sixty thousand instead of sixteen thousand. The agent stopped at Brundin's Station and Mr. H. H. Brandon, of that place took his horses from the plow to carry him over to the creek, a distance of four miles.

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BURT-OATS FOR SALE.

THE WRONG MAN:
BY DUDLEY WILLIAMS
Written for the Jacksonville Republican.

CHAPTER II.

WANTED
enough to make
the best and only thoroughly useful and first
class gift for our liberal terms on
the part of our great family
and friends.

Address: JAMES CROOK,
Jacksonville, Ala.

We regret that one post office in
the county failed to get the Repub-
lican week before last. We saw
from the papers left over after
mailing that some post office had
been overlooked, but could not
tell which, as the papers were
placed in the post office as fast as
directed, and therefore could not
repair the error. We have learned
the office and send down the pa-
pers this week. We ask pardon of
our patrons for the oversight and
promise that it shall not happen
again. Usually our mails go off very
regularly. We have not missed
a mail in months.

The Rock Bros. was mutually dis-
agreed to the day of June.

Mr. Crook retires. Mr. Emmett
is assuming all liabilities and assets,
and the public for their liberality
and solicitude for the firm, when we guarantee them kind
and low prices.

Very respectfully,
CROOK BROS.

INFANT SCHOOL
Woodard will open in the Fe-
dacy Monday June 16th, a school
Tuition, \$1 per month.

Sale, One Overshot Wa-
ter Wheel, 13 feet in
diameter, in good order—almost as
new. Will be sold cheap. Price
apply to this office, or B. F. Schi-
er, Germany, Ala.

C Land & Co
on this date to the 1st of Sept.
will sell all dress clothes from
20 yards to the Dollar, except sol-
wool Linseys at 15 cents per yard.
—2.

horse attached to a wagon contain-
Mr. Cobb and two ladies, ran away
the hill near the Methodist church
Wednesday, and smashed up, things
only. Mr. Cobb, was thrown from
wagon and had his collar bone frac-
The ladies escaped unharmed.

return thanks to the managers of
our 4th of July Celebration at Moor's
Cleburne county; for an invitation
and participate in the festi-
of the occasion. We should certainly
accepted the invitation, but for a
previous promise to attend a similar af-
air in our own county.

Forney returned from Wash-
ing-
Thursday. He stood to his post to
the hour of the session, and was one
of the few faithful Congressmen who
met the good fight for Constitutional
reform to the end.

IND—In College hall an imitation
scarf-pin, likely to this office.

Received a pleasant call Wednes-
day from Mr. Joe Montgomery, for-
mer of this place, now of Texas, Joe
hosts of friends here who are glad to
come back among them again, if only
a brief time.

return thanks to Mr. Dan Ad-
erholt for a basket of the best

Irish potatoes, we have seen
this season.

Tilden in 1880.
From the New York Sun.

The Republican papers seem to be toler-
ably well settled in the opinion that
the Democratic National Convention
next year will nominate Samuel J. Tilden
as the candidate of that party for
President of the United States. Among
New York Democrats he seems to have
enemies in plenty. It is not only his old
antagonists of the Civil War and the
conventions whom we now see arrayed
against him, but the Democratic press
is pretty nearly unanimous in hostility,
and there are many notable persons who
four years ago were his ardent partisan
who stand forth as the decided foes of
his candidacy. Conspicuous among
these is Mr. Dorschner, who in 1876
was a successful manager for Mr. Tilden
in the St. Louis Convention, but who
now takes counsel with the bravest of
Tannany how to discomfit his old chief
and tuck his venerable yet not
bloodless scalp under the big belt of
John Kelly. Mr. Oswald Ottendorfer,
with his *Staats Zeitung*, may likewise be
tak-
ing as illustrating the changes in the
Democratic and Independent press
which from being most friendly to
Tilden has now generally taken up an
air of severe criticism or indifferent
expectation.

Thus it is that alienation prevails to a
remarkable extent among the journalists
and politicians of this State who but the
other day were following the banner of
Graevey Park. Whether this is due to
accident or bad management we do
not undertake to say, though we rather
suspect it is the latter cause. Indeed,
we are bound to declare that Mr. Tilden
is anything but a shrewd and unscrup-
lous political manipulator; that he is often
represented to be. As a politician he
freely does those things which he
ought, pot to do, and leaves undone
those things which he ought to do, and
yet we cannot add that there is no
harm in him. But he certainly does not
possess the art of winning all men to
him by personal attraction, nor does he
retain their allegiance through the
charms of a glorious magnetism and an
irreversible will. The hold which he pos-
sesses upon the minds of others comes
from his fine intellect, his
comprehensive and enlightened political
philosophy, his luminous perception
and exposition of Democratic principles
in short, from what we might call his
statesmanship. A ideal quality in which
we suppose he has but very few peers
among our public characters.

But to return to our subject. The
description of Mr. Tilden's causally leading
Democrat is by no means confined to
the State of New York. The managing
party men of the West are generally
opposed to him; and among the Southern
states he supported him three years
ago, we scarcely recall one whose voice
was raised to advocate his nomination.
Even that disinterested, wilful, and
vicious genius who in 1876 did more per-
haps than all others to unite the South
in Mr. Tilden's favor—we mean the late
Gen. Taylor—had before his last fatal ill-
ness turned against Mr. Tilden, frankly
and manfully declaring that it would
not do to run him again. Indeed, among
all those active politicians from the for-
mer Slave States who were his friends
there remain only that sturdy old Jack-
sonian, Montgomery Blair, and the
bold and erratic Henry Watterson, who
preserve their ancient fealty, and pro-
claim that Tilden must still be the can-
didate of the Democracy.

DEATH IN A WHISKEY BARREL.

We learn of a horrible occurrence from
across the river in Arkansas. A gentle-
man who keeps a miscellaneous stock of
groceries, in addition to the usual whisky
at retail. For a certain class of cus-
tomers the best whisky is furnished,
and sold at the usual price by the drink.
Recently after a barrel of his best whisky
had been empty, for some two or
three weeks he noticed a peculiar and
disagreeable effluvia, and becoming sat-
isfied that the noxious odor came from
the barrel, he knocked the head in and
told the putrefying remains of a child,
apparently a year or 2 old. The crenel-
ing stamp showed the whisky to be over
four years old. The date has been car-
ried over by the corner, and pos-
sibly the guilty wretch may yet be
brought to righteous punishment. If
that whiskey barrel could be followed
up and history written, it would show
more than one dead child—more than
one broken-hearted woman, and a hun-
dred wretched and unhappy homes.

Greenville (Miss.) Advertiser.

Our efficient marshal, Mr. Seab-
rook, has lately been giving
considerable attention to the wa-
ter works, and the result is a
greatly improved quality of water.

Owing to the prevalence of
malaria in Oxford, the Sunday
School Convention advertised for
that place on the 12th of July,
will be held in Jacksonville. The
same programme will be carried
out here, as if the Convention had
been held in Oxford. We hope
that all the Sunday Schools of the
county will send up delegates
and that our people will receive
them into their hospitable homes
and care for them while here.

The West Point, Georgia, Press
says: Ned Devane, colored, died
on Monday last from eating thirteen
hard boiled eggs whilst intox-
icated.

The Union Springs Paragraph
says: Ned Devane, colored, died
on Monday last from eating thirteen
hard boiled eggs whilst intox-
icated.

We take great pleasure in expressing
our thanks to the white citizens of Jack-
sonville, for their liberality in contribut-
ing for the repair of the colored school

Very thankfully,
OSCAR MCALPINE.

BURT-OATS FOR SALE.

THE WRONG MAN:
BY DUDLEY WILLIAMS
Written for the Jacksonville Republican.

CHAPTER II.

The undersigned has fifteen
bushels of this remarkable spring
oats, which he will dispose of at a
reasonable price.

Address: JAMES CROOK,
Jacksonville, Ala.

We regret that one post office in
the county failed to get the Repub-
lican week before last. We saw
from the papers left over after
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promise that it shall not happen
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a mail in months.

The Rock Bros. was mutually dis-
agreed to the day of June.

Mr. Crook retires. Mr. Emmett
is assuming all liabilities and assets,
and the public for their liberality
and solicitude for the firm, when we guarantee them kind
and low prices.

Very respectfully,
CROOK BROS.

INFANT SCHOOL
Woodard will open in the Fe-
dacy Monday June 16th, a school
Tuition, \$1 per month.

DISSOLUTION.

Mr. W. W. HALL'S great Fam-
ily book.

THE HOME
best out, and one with which A-
lived better and longer than on
the part of your time, write to
ARD P. HOUSE, ST. LOUIS, Mo.

June 28—86

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AGRICULTURE.

SELLING EXTRACTED HONEY.—As I always sold my extracted honey at good prices, perhaps my plan might be of use to some that can produce better than sell. The first thing I look to is good ripe honey; it would be better to this to strip honey away than put it on the market. The time to attend to this is when it is gathered. If it once becomes sour, it has lost its flavor, and cannot be cured. The best remedy I have found is to let it candy, when the sour part will drain off, then bring it almost to boiling, and skim well. This will help it some, but is not a cure. Honey should always be ripened in the hive, it may be evaporated, but I doubt if the flavor can be held. Never extract till it is capped over, as the only safe rule. The more comb you give the bees, the longer it will stand before they sap it, and the thicker it is. It takes much longer in wet weather to ripen than in dry, and if they don't have a good supply of combs, they often cap it too thin. It is nothing unusual to see comb honey that has soured. After you have extracted, place in open vessels, never seal it up. I have noticed good honey put in Mason jars, which stood sealed up, and when opened it had a sour smell, and had lost some of its flavor. The best thing I have found to keep honey in is tin barrels with a cloth stretched over them. The next day after extracting, an foreign substance can be skimmed off; you never need to strain it, as it will purifies will come to the top. After this skins over, then, or ten days, several times. Then when you can take off can be placed in another vessel and treated the same way; but it will never be as nice as the first. Now comes packing and selling. You want something attractive, something that will be of use in every house. The best things I have found are quart tin top fruit jars, and jelly cups for the light. These can be put up with a nice piece of comb in them, and nicely labeled. For the darker grades I use a ten-pound bucket. This can be got up on a cheap scale, at most any tin-shop, for \$1.50 per dozen. Place "Honey" on these with a stencil, using bright colored paint. You might put candied honey in the buckets, but in cold weather warm the light honey just so you can hold your finger in it, and it will not candy soon. All we want to sell extracted honey is to produce a good article, place it out in the retail trade packed in good style, stop adulteration, and it is bound to sell. We can afford to sell it lower than comb honey, and we are giving the people something that is healthier.

HANDLING SHEEP.—Not even the cow should receive gentler handling than the sheep. Kindness is always well repaid by any of our domestic animals, but the sheep being so shy an animal, it requires special exhibition of kindness. It should be so handled and treated as it will never become frightened at the approach of a person. Their treatment should be such that they will actually learn to entertain an affection for their keeper, and if they do, they will naturally be tame and docile. A flock of wild sheep is about the most unprofitable investment that a farmer can make. They are continually getting themselves into some trouble, and causing great annoyance, if not loss, to their owner. We have seen some dockmen jump into the hold and pull and haul the sheep by the tail until they were not only half frightened to death, but suffered great physical injury. A sheep should never be caught or lifted by the wool. Some one has said that if anyone doubts the impropriety of lifting a sheep by the wool, just let him permit himself to be lifted by the hair, and it is a good suggestion. When sheep are thus caught or lifted the skin in some instances is actually torn from the flesh, and if the injury is not to that extent it cannot but effect the flesh some.

A sheep should be lifted by placing the arms around the body and near the forelegs. This is the easiest way to do, especially with large sheep. To catch the animal, the hands should be thrown about the neck, or else the sheep should be caught by the hind leg immediately above the hock. This latter may be done with the hand or the crook, and when this way is adopted the utmost gentleness should be observed, and the sheep gently drawn back until the other hand can reach the neck. It is scarcely necessary to remind the keeper that when the crook is used upon a sheep which is closely surrounded by other sheep, that great care must be exercised lest the other sheep jump against the one caught, or against the crook, in which case severe damage may be done.

PLANTING EVERGREENS.—We advise planting evergreens, and all other trees, a little deeper than they grow. The greatest drawback with early transplanted evergreens, is the liability of exposure on certain hot days, to strong south winds in April and May. June transplanting often comes at a dry season. A continued drought too often proves fatal at this season; so on the whole, we prefer early planting of all the coniferous trees. We find no objection to planting evergreen trees as soon as the frost is out of the ground. It is a delusion to believe that June is the only proper time to plant evergreens. Plant them with care from March to June 15th. Don't dry the roots. Cut back much of the previous year's growth, also thin out numerous small branches, it often saves the life of trees; do this at planting. Copious spring showers after planting make success doubly sure.

Absent minded.

A New Yorker recently returned from Paris, in which city he had provided himself with several nice packages of gloves for his own use at home. He mentioned the fact of the purchase to several friends, remarking: "They are a specially fine make of gloves, with which we in New York are entirely unacquainted. But they are all the rage in Paris—in fact, the only kind sold there. Every shop deals in them, and the maker's name is painted up in large letters on every glove-seller's window or sign-board."

"Indeed!" said his friends. All the same maker?"

"Yes. I never intend to wear any other myself. I've tried Jovins' gloves, Alexandre's gloves, and Jingle's gloves, but I like these the best of all."

"Whose gloves are they?"

"Gant gloves. You see the name over Paris—'Gant's Gloves.'"

After the laugh was over, he said he knew well enough that *gants* is the French for *gloves*, only he did not stop to think.

A man who is "in the hands of his friends" has a good chance of starving to death.

SCIENTIFIC.

Japanese Magic Mirrors.—The magic mirrors of Japan have recently been attracting attention in England. These mirrors are usually circular, from three inches to twelve inches in diameter, made of bronze, and with a bronze handle covered with bamboo; the reflecting face is more or less convex; coated with a mercury amalgam, and the back is beautifully ornamented with a gracefully executed raised design. Some for the rustic population have also polished letters. The polished reflecting surface when looked at shows no trace whatever of the design in relief on the back, but when a sunbeam, or other bright light, is reflected from the surface on a screen, there is seen on the screen an image of the raised pattern consisting of natural objects, geometrical figures, or Chinese symbols signifying "long life," "happiness," etc. The explanation of the magic of these Eastern mirrors arises not from a solid stick on the part of the maker, nor from inlaying of other metals, nor from hardening of portions by stamping, but from the natural expansion caused by certain thin layers of buckling under a bending stress so as to remain strained in the opposite direction after the stress is removed. And this stress is applied partly by the *segelō* ("distorting rod"), and partly by the subsequent polishing, which in an exactly similar way tends to make the thinner parts more convex than the thicker. The mirror ranks very high in Japan, and takes the place of the cross in Roman Catholic countries. The "two-great-divinities" at Ise, containing the *yata no kagami*, the first made mirror, have in the eyes of the Japanese the same importance as has the Holy Sepulchre for the Greeks and Armenians, or Mecca for the Mohammedans. The mirror, therefore, constitutes the most important part of the regalia of the Japanese sovereigns. The mythical origin of the mirror is thus explained: When gods alone inhabited the earth the sun-goddess one day hurt her hand with her shuttle, having been suddenly frightened by a practical joke of her brother, the god of the sea. She indignantly retired to a cave. Darkness followed, and the goddess had to be appeased. The wisest of the gods suggested making an image of her more beautiful than herself. The Japanese fashioned a mirror in the shape of the sun, and all the gods laughed and shouted, "Here is a deity who surpasses even your glory." Woman's curiosity could not stand this. The goddess peeped around while admiring herself in the mirror was caught and dragged out by a rice rope. The nationalities have it that this sun-goddess (Amaterasu o mi Kami), having her adopted grand son, who was also the great-grandfather of the first Emperor of Japan, to subdue the world, made him three presents: the *magatama* (the precious stone emblematical of the spirit of woman), the sword (emblematical of the spirit of man), and the mirror (emblematical of her own soul). "Look," said she, "you mirror as my spirit, keep it in the same house and on the same shelf with yourself, and worship it as if you were worshipping my actual presence."

There has been some conflict of opinion among zoologists as to whether the sheep is native to a wild state or not. The last evidence on the subject is that obtained by Lieutenant Colonel Pravelsky, the Russian traveler in Central Asia. He did not himself see any wild camel, but was assured by the natives that they were to be found in a marshy depression which extends between the two great lakes of Koko-Nor and Loh-Nor.

A *discovery* is claimed by M. Carves with regard to the mischief produced by the *phyllloxera* on vines. He says that the *phyllloxera* is not immediately and of itself the cause of the death of the vine, and that the real enemy is a species of fungus which inserts itself in the wound made by the insect.

Fat digests more rapidly if fat be mixed with it. Fat also takes an important part in the formation of cells, blood corpuscles and the generation of blood. Hence the excellence of cod-liver oil in consumptions.

It is asserted that rubber tubing may be rendered impervious to coal gas by painting it over with water glass or solution of silicate of soda.

A Famous Tobacco-Box.

There was recently exhibited at two of the London clubs a box which belongs to the Past Overseer's Society of the Parishes of St. Margaret and St. John, Westminster, called "The Westminster Tobacco-Box." So remarkable is its history that not only has the Society of antiquaries held discussions over it, but it has been honored by a personal "reception" by her Majesty. This box, or rather the original, for it is composed of no fewer than seven boxes in one, and the box is the smallest of them all, was only an ordinary horn "baize" box, the gift of one of the Overseers of St. Margaret's to the convivial club to which he then belonged, in the year 1713. The members were delighted with the gift, and recorded their appreciation by a silver rim affixed to it in 1720. This little bit of silver seems to have worked wonders, for every successive parochial officer of St. Margaret's or St. John's also affixed a silver plate and rim, the subject being of either parochial or national interest, and when the box became covered, other boxes were built around it, so that at the present time, to the ordinary oval box four and one-half inches long by three and three-quarter inches wide, of three-quarters of an inch inside depth, and thirteen and one-quarter inches round, six other boxes have been added, the last being octagonal in shape, about five feet round and three feet high. While the first or original box only weighs some ten ounces, the last weighs nearly half a hundred pounds, the whole weighing about twice as much. Each silver plate represents some parochial or national event of interest which has occurred during the year of office of the doners; the first of the series being a representation of the battle of Culloden in 1746—a design, it is said by Hogarth; and the last three the proclamation of the Queen as Empress of India, the erection of the Cleopatra Needle, and the loss of the steam-boat Princess Alice, the causes thus representing at one view one hundred and thirty two years of national history.

DOMESTIC.

WEARING APPAREL.—Bonnets should not be allowed to lie around and gather dust; but, after being taken from the head, should be dusted off and the bows and trimmings straightened, and then put away in their appropriate boxes. If the feathers were limp and slightly uncured, sometimes holding them over the hot air of an open register will restore them. Veils, neck-ribbons and cravats will also keep fresh much longer if carefully folded up and laid away under a weight sufficient to keep them in place. Soiled ribbons, in most colors, can be restored by washing in alcohol and water, and, instead of being ironed, smoothed by being stretched tightly upon a board, held in place by pins, and wiped gently with a soft handkerchief once or twice in drying. Shoes are among the things that pay for the care that is taken of them. Upon taking them off do not leave them in the shape of the foot, but smooth them by stretching out the wrinkles and bending the soles straight. If buttons are lacking, sew them on immediately, and if other repairs are needed, have them attended to at once. If the heels become worn down on one side, let them be straightened without delay, or the shoe will take an ugly or permanent twif. Gloves, with many people, are the objects of great abuse, which is a great mistake, because to be well-gloved contributes very much toward a lady-like appearance, and unless one can afford a constant procession of new gloves it is desirable to keep the old ones in order. When they are taken off they should be rolled up together in a napkin, and the buttons will not fall, but must be pulled and stretched lengthwise, and laid away in a box, like new gloves, without any folding. They should also be kept repaired, for if rips on the finger ends are neglected they soon get so large that in mending them it is impossible to restore the proper shape of the fingers. When they are soiled they can be cleaned at home as well as at a professional cleaner. Wash them in benzine, rubbing and squeezing them with any folding. They should also be kept repaired, for if rips on the finger ends are neglected they soon get so large that in mending them it is impossible to restore the proper shape of the fingers. When they are soiled they can be cleaned at home as well as at a professional cleaner. Wash them in benzine, rubbing and squeezing them with any folding. They should also be kept repaired, for if rips on the finger ends are neglected they soon get so large that in mending them it is impossible to restore the proper shape of the fingers. When they are soiled they can be cleaned at home as well as at a professional cleaner. Wash them in benzine, rubbing and squeezing them with any folding. They should also be kept repaired, for if rips on the finger ends are neglected they soon get so large that in mending them it is impossible to restore the proper shape of the fingers. 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SATURDAY, MAY 12, 1879.

The Fourth on Cane Creek.

Two days before "Independence Day" we received an invitation to attend a Fourth of July celebration at P. A. C. school house, on Cane Creek, in this county, and we went, together with Mr. Woodward, of this place, who had also been invited but a short time before.

A twelve mile drive Friday morning brought us to the grounds about ten o'clock. A large crowd had already assembled and more were constantly pouring in. By eleven o'clock over three hundred people were present. Most elaborate preparation had been made for the occasion. Comfortable seats had been provided in front of the speaker's stand in a beautiful grove of oaks, themselves as old as the Republic; a long table was erected for the reception of the estates brought by the hospitable people of the neighborhood; a croquet set was on the ground for the amusement of those fond of the game and three or four good fiddlers were on hand to furnish music for the dancers when the god of eloquence and poetry should have been dethrown and Terpsichore installed instead.

On arrival we found many of the most substantial men of the county on hand, together with hosts of young men in the bloom and vigor of life and a perfect bevy of beauty and grace, from the matron of forty summers to the blushing maiden of sweet sixteen. Already the day gave promise of great pleasure, and the scene was inspiring.

At eleven o'clock, Mr. Goodlin, the regular orator of the day, not having arrived, the committee of arrangements waited on Mr. Woodward and the writer and informed us that we were expected to speak. Both being caught utterly without preparation and having gone to participate and not to "perform," endeavored to beg off, but the committee was inexorable, and, believing that every one should contribute to the enjoyment of the occasion, even though feebly, both consented.

The exercises of the day were opened by a short address from that estimable citizen and sterling patriot, Mr. Geo. W. Humphries, who closed his happily-remembered remarks by introducing the writer, who made a short speech, opening with congratulation over that returning spirit of nationality and revived hope of free government in the breasts of the southern people evinced by the spontaneous celebration of the natal day of the Republic all over the South for the first time since the war. The grateful departure of the country from the practices and principles of Government, as administered by the fathers was traced, and a remedy for the evil suggested. The imperialistic tendency of the Republican party was portrayed, and the people warned of the danger to their liberties from that source. They were further told that the vast resources of the most intelligent and valuable citizens of the country reside in that section of country and it is altogether a pleasant place to visit. We think we shall go back there when watermelons get ripe.

The Fourth in Cherokee.

About six hundred people gathered at Burnett's school house, Cedar Bluff, Cherokee county, both to celebrate the future hope of the land—to be true to the duties devolving upon them and meet manfully, without repining, the responsibilities of life as they came. He defended the south against the charge of treason to the government, and spoke in scathing terms of those men who had been treacherous to her in her hour of need. He plead for reconciliation between the sections and that fraternal regard that citizens of one common country should hold for each other. The vast natural resources of the South were rapidly sketched and a glorious future predicted for her. He paid a chaste and beautiful tribute to woman in a gem of poetry culled for the occasion and closed at the end of about forty minutes. The oration evinced culture, thought and research and was a altogether a treat to listen to.

The speaking being over, father Humphries announced dinner at the end of half an hour, and assured all the good people on the grounds that there would be plenty and to spare, and that every body was welcome to the board.

At the expiration of the time we repaired to the table and found that his promises were not vain. The long table was loaded to repletion with the poorest and richest viands that culinary art could suggest. Meats in great variety, vegetables, excellent bread, and sweet-meats of every description attested how well the good ladies of Cane Creek understood that fine accomplishment—good cookery—and how lavishly the hospitable farmers of the neighborhood had provided for the occasion. We have been to many picnics in our time, but have never witnessed a richer or more bountiful feast spread. Hard by the table bubbled a bold spring of ice-cold water—God's beverage for man—and wine, accented wine, had no place at that rural feast. After dinner the party broke up into groups, and we noticed several young gentlemen, with an audience of one in ribbons and flounces, delivering addresses that Mr. Humphries had said would be in order in the afternoon. About two o'clock the music began in the school house and the dancing opened, and continued to the hour of our departure. We entered the room twice to witness the graceful movements of the dancers, but each time found the room so crowded and warm that we were compelled to retreat. At half past three, after declining many invitations from the hospitable people of the neighborhood to tarry over night, Mr. Woodward and the writer regretfully bid adieu to friends and took up the line of march home. We have never enjoyed a day better, and could wish that the Fourth of July came monthly and that each time the good people of Cane Creek would celebrate it and send us an invitation to come.

The section of country in which the celebration was held is one of the very best in Calhoun. The land is excellent, and the farmers as a rule are independent of debt and prosperous. Some of the most intelligent and valuable citizens of the county reside in that section of country and it is altogether a pleasant place to visit. We think we shall go back there when watermelons get ripe.

Anniston.

As we drove into Anniston last Saturday, we found the streets crowded with men. A lemonade stand and a soda fountain were both running in the open air and being well patronized. We felt certain we had happened in on some special occasion, and enquired of the crowd what they had up for that day, and learned that that was an every Saturday occurrence. Indeed some told us that not so many men were in town that day as was usual for Saturdays. Fully seventy-five people were passing by in front of the company's store, and we guess the full force of clerks were kept busy waiting on customers. Over three times that number were grouped along the street in front of the mill and store, and the scene was very lively. Anniston is fast growing to be a trading point of importance, and is drawing custom from the country for many miles around. We saw men in Anniston Saturday who live from eight to ten miles from the place. They came to trade. New buildings are constantly going up; a new blast furnace is almost completed; the cotton factory will soon be built, and we may look for Anniston to grow with great rapidity. It will at no distant day be a very important town. It is already the most enterprising place in this section of the State. We wish to see the place continue to grow until all the property holders, like our friend Loyd and others, shall become rich from the sale of town lots. We would like to see Oxford and Anniston grow until the four mile space between them should be occupied and the two could grasp hands and form a thriving city that would rival Selma, Rome or Montgomery. We would like to see old Jacksonville get up from her Rip Van Winkle sleep, shake herself and begin to move her young and thriving sister, Germania, two miles north of her. We would like to see Cross Plains and Ladoga come together and kiss over the three mile space that now divides them.

The people of Jacksonville, we know, will extend a hearty welcome to delegates and open their doors to them with hospitality characteristic of them.

MEETING OF BOARD OF DIRECTORS.

EP. REPUBLICAN.—Will you be so kind as to insert the following notice:

The Board of Directors of Calhoun County Fair Association are requested to meet the officers of the Fair, on the Fair grounds in Jacksonville, Saturday, July 14th.

H. L. STEVENSON.

Chm.

Observe the amount of local news in the Republican this week. We have run out advertisements to make room for it. The oration necessarily touched

the teachers of Calhoun should subscribe for the Republican.

A RISING CALHOUN BOY.—We learn from Capt. James Crook, one of the Regents of the University of Alabama, who has just returned from Tuscaloosa, that the commencement exercises of that Institution, that Richard Bussy Kelly, of Oxford, graduated in law with distinguished honor to himself. He entered the University only last January; but so great was his application that he was of eight out of twenty-three who carried off diplomas. His oration—subject, "The Irish War"—was very highly praised; and it was questionable in the minds of many if he did not carry off the first honor in oratory.

He is a young man of fine physique, indefatigable industry, correct habits of life, and splendid intellect, and there is nothing to prevent him from rising rapidly in the law.

We hope he will come to the county seat and at once enter upon his profession. The bar here will extend to him a cordial welcome and cheerfully give him that assistance in the practical prosecution of the law, in need of which every young lawyer stands at the outset of his career. In any event we hope he will not leave Calhoun; and that his mother county the benefit of his genius and the honor of whatever distinction may attend him in after life.

BEAUTIFUL BELLAS AND BRAVE BEAUX.

Last Friday was the glorious Fourth. While our incomparable Morgan held listening thousands entranced by the music of his wonderful eloquence, in our sister city, Rome, and the battle scarred veterans of the last cause were thronging to Montgomery, to listen to the Poet Priest of the South, the patriotism of President Cooper arose to fever heat, and he too decided to celebrate the birthday of the Union and the Constitution, by a grand excursion upon the Great Eastern and Southwestern Iron Mountain Route. With that energy and activity characteristic of the man, he at once entered into the details of his plan.

Rabbit and Bethel church were the only ones to consent for the place of holding the Annual Celebration. On calling the roll eighteen delegates, representing eight schools, answered to their names and were enrolled.

The principal business before the Convention was selecting a place for holding the Annual Sabbath School Celebration—fixing the day for it, and the arranging of a programme of exercises.

Rabbit and Bethel church were the only ones to consent for the place of holding the Annual Celebration.

On calling the vote Rabbit Town received nine votes and Bethel church four votes, therefore Rabbit Town was elected.

Several resolutions were adopted by the Convention, which may be of interest to the public.

They are the following:

A Resolution—To continue the present Executive Committee the ensuing year—To send two delegates to represent the Annual Convention in the Sunday School Convention at the school at Jacksonville, July 10th; 3:30 p.m., proxime.

Resolution of thanks to the ladies of Bethel Church for their kind hospitalities shown the delegates of the Convention.

The following is the programme of exercises for the Annual Sabbath School Celebration.

The different Sunday Schools will assemble at Rabbit Town Church, on Friday, Aug. 15th, at 10 o'clock. A. M. They will form a procession and march, to the speaker's stand, preceded by the band of music.

OPENING EXERCISE.

Song—Coronation.

Prayer by H. A. Williams, Cross Plains, Ala.

Welcome Address, by W. W. Whiteside, Rabbit Town.

Song by Rabbit Town School.

Song by Howell's Chapel School.

Address by Rev. J. F. Leak, of Bethel Church.

Song by Cross Plains School.

Song by Bethel Church School.

Address by John M. Caldwell, of Jacksonville, Ala.

Song by Nance's Creek School.

Song by Oak Hill School.

Reces for dinner—1/2 a hour.

OPENING SESSION.

Celebration continues at 10 o'clock.

All the schools sing in concert the song—Jesus Lover of My Soul.

Address by Rev. S. L. Russell, Galesville, Ala.

Song 1/2 Eem Hill School.

Song by Bethel Church School.

Address by Rev. H. A. Williams, of Cross Plains, Ala.

Song by Howell's Chapel School.

Song by Oak Hill School.

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Reces for dinner—1/2 a hour.

The Republican.

We return thanks to Mr. Wm. Rice for the first water color on the subject. What other patron will be as kind?

Prof. Borden will take wheat or oats in payment for tuition in Calhoun College.

Mr. Tobe Weir, formerly of this county, now of Tyler, Smith county, Texas, has been paying his old friends in Calhoun a visit. He was Clerk of the Texas Legislature last session.

Meeting of the Sabbath Schools.

At a meeting of the different Sabbath Schools of this town last Sunday the following proceedings were had. Dr. E. G. Borden was called to the chair, and W. W. Woodward was requested to act as secretary.

A committee consisting of Messrs L. W. Grant, J. D. Hammond, J. M. Caldwell, Sharp Stewart, J. F. Rowan, Walter Dean, and J. Nunnally was appointed to make all necessary arrangements for the County Convention. The following committee was appointed to provide and assign houses to delegates. Capt. James Crook, A. H. Dean, Robt. Riley, Willie Hammond, Sharp Stewart, E. G. Caldwell, C. O. Porter, Mr. W. W. Woodward was elected to deliver the welcome address, and Mr. J. P. Word was elected to reply. The above committee will leave to assure the Sabbath Schools of the entire county, that ample provision has been made for the accommodation of all, and every Sabbath school in the county is expected to send a full delegation.

J. D. Hammond, Chairman.

There will be a mass meeting at the Presbyterian church of the delegates of the County Sunday School Convention Sabbath morning at 9 o'clock when the welcome address and the response will be delivered. Every body is invited to attend.

We acknowledge receipt of an invitation to attend the public examination of classes at White Plains Academy; of which our friend H. H. McLean is principal, July 17th and 18th. There will be an exhibition Friday night, 18th.

We will take wheat for subscription, and pay one dollar per bushel for the next four weeks. Bring it along.

There was a rumor here Saturday and Sunday that a negro had been killed on the railroad track above here, but we could trace it to no reliable source. Probably the Anniston horror gave rise to the story.

Judge Walker has been at Bu福德ville, Va., some weeks for his health. We are glad to learn by postal card that his health is somewhat improved. The many inquiries we receive every day as to the state of his health, attest the high regard the people of Calhoun have for him.

While in Anniston Saturday last, we learned from Mr. John Lloyd of the death of a white man named Garret, on the R. R. track the night before. He had lain down on the track and, it is supposed, fell asleep. A passing train ran over him, and killed him instantly. His body was horribly mangled. He was said to have been a man who drank very hard at times, and it is thought he was drunk when he lay down on the track to sleep. At first there was suspicion of foul play, but on a thorough investigation of the matter by a coroner's jury, such suspicion was dismissed and a verdict rendered in accordance with the facts set forth above.

Thursday week quite a number of ladies and gentlemen from Jacksonville had a picnic at Sulphur Springs in honor of Dr. Burke, who has been spending a short time here this season.

Anticipating then that we should start Thursday evening for Cane Creek, we did not go out, and our absence Friday prevented that notice of it that it deserved in our last. We have heard many who participated speak in most enthusiastic terms of the affair and declare that of all the picnics of the season, this was the most pleasant yet.

Dr. Burke has many friends in Jacksonville who delight to attest in any manner their appreciation of him, and when it was understood it was his picnic, every vehicle in the town was brought to requisition to carry parties of young and old to the picnic grounds, some seven miles distant. The day as we have said was most pleasantly spent and everybody returned happy.

The summer session of Calhoun College will open next Monday. The attendance of pupils is expected to be large. It would be well for those who expect to attend to enter the first day of the session and thus get an even start in the classes.

BILL JOHNS.

THE WRONG MAN.

BY DUDLEY WILLIAMS
Written for the Jacksonville Republican.

CHAPTER III.

It is proper just here that the reader should know something of the history and character of Ralph Lindsay, and of the circumstances that led to his engagement to the wealthy and accomplished Katie Phillips.

Four years prior to the incident related upon a brilliant day in June, while Mr. Phillips was busily engaged in giving some instructions to his laborers, there came to him a young man, plainly but neatly clad, of a ruddy complexion, dark hair and eyes, and apparently some sixteen or twenty years of age. His step was elastic, his countenance open and frank, his voice clear and a little ringing.

"This is Mr. Phillips, I presume," said he, as the old gentleman, his instructions completed, turned toward him. "That is my name; do you wish to see me?"

There was nothing negative in the countenance that confronted the young man, and it at once realized that to sustain himself successfully in the presence of this shrewd and experienced man, he must bring all of his wits to bear.

"My name is Mr. Phillips, is Ralph Lindsay, and I have come to you in search of employment."

"Your request comes in at rather an unfortunate time," replied the old man, as I have quite a supply of laborers at present; as the sun shines quite warm, suppose we take a seat in the shade?"

Accordingly the two betook themselves to a seat upon a fallen trunk, shaded from the burning rays of the midday sun by a spreading oak.

"Perhaps," said Ralph, in the hope that there might yet be some little chance of obtaining the wished for employment, "you would like to know something of my history. I have no letters of recommendation, or friends in the city to whom I can refer you. My word and face are the only guarantees at my command."

"If you are disposed to do so, I have no objection what ever to hearing you," said Mr. Phillips, "just as you like."

This was rather enigmatic, but Ralph was not disconcerted in the least; to the contrary it buoyed him up to a resolute determination to have this old man acquainted with his exact condition, and then to make an appeal for employment.

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ED. G. CALDWELL.

(At the old Forney Corner.)

Has on hand the best brands of Chewing and Smoking TOBACCOES, including the popular Swanson's Pride, and the celebrated Durban Smoking Tobacco's. He has the largest stock of CIGARS in Town. Among his brands you will find the Salazar, Margarita, Royal Standard and the favorite Tidwell's.

Chocolate, Gourds, Imported Chow, Boston Baked Beans, Salmon & Canned Goods in great variety at

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Cheap Groceries for Cash at

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YOU can buy anything in the

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YOU can buy TEN pounds of

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YOU can buy 5 pounds of good

COFFEE for ONE DOLLAR at

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Local Matters.

The PARIS want 500 dozen eggs,

100,000 Spring Chickens, 100,000 Hides

for which they will pay the HIGHEST

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A GREAT

Break

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IN PRICES.

The PARIS are reduc-

ing their prices

EVERY DAY: they are

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Jacksonville

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"THE PRICE OF LIBERTY IS ETERNAL VIGILANCE."

VOLUME XLII.

JACKSONVILLE, ALABAMA, SATURDAY, JULY 19, 1879.

WHOLE NO. 2205.

THE REPUBLICAN.

ED, PRINTED AND PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING BY

F. & L. W. GRANT.

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paid in advance..... \$1.00

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One square counted as two, etc.

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Page notices..... 50

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Half column six months..... 30.00

Half column twelve months..... 40.00

Column six months..... 60.00

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A. WOODS,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

JACKSONVILLE, ALA.

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H. CALDWELL, WM. M. HAMES,

McDowell, Hames & Caldwell,

ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW

AND

LICITORS IN CHANCERY,

JACKSONVILLE, ALA.

All practice in all the courts of the 12th judicial district and the supreme and federal courts of the State.

H. W. WOODWARD,

Attorney-at-Law

AND

SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY,

formerly occupied by Gen. W. H. Forney.

JACKSONVILLE, ALABAMA.

J. B. BRADFORD, H. L. STEVENSON,

ADFORD & STEVENSON,

Attorneys-at-Law

AND

SOLICITORS IN CHANCERY.

GARDEN, ALA.

JOHN T. MARTIN

ELLIS & MARTIN,

ATTORNEYS AT LAW,

7 Office Row, Jacksonville, Alabama.

have associated in the practice of their profession in the counties of the 12th judicial district and the adjoining counties in the supreme court of the State.

May 16, 1876-4

H. L. STEVENSON,

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J. D. ARNOLD,

URGEON DENTIST

JACKSONVILLE, ALA.

In work executed in the most durable and

prices very moderate.

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CALLING THE ANGELS IN.

We mean to do it. Some day, some day, we mean to slacken this fevered rush that is wearing our very souls away.

And grant to our goaded hearts a lurch that is holy enough to let it, can hear the footprints of angels drawing near.

We mean to do it. Oh, never doubt, when the burden of daytime drol is o'er, we'll sit and muse, while the stars come out, as the patriarch sat at the open door of his tent, with a heavenly gazing eye, to watch for the angels passing by.

We see them afar at high noon-tide, when fiercely the world's hot fishings beat; yet never have hidden them, turn aside, and tarry awhile in converse sweet; nor prayed them to hallow the cheer we spread, to drink of our wine and break our bread.

We promised our hearts that when the stress of the life-wrk reaches the longed-for close, when the ght that we ght with hindres less,

"We'll loose our thoughts to such repose as banishes care's disturbing din, and then—will call the angels in."

The day that we dreamt of comes at length, when t'd of every m'king quest, broken in spirit and shorn of strength, we drop, n'eed, at the door of rest, and wait and watch as the day wanes on; but the angels we mean to call are gone!

Behind the Scenes.

"Such a bargain, aunt Fanny! Lay aside your work and express your admiration. Half-a-dozen of these pretty linen collars for one dollar. So nicely scalloped and stitched; just the thing for the morning, are they not?"

"Exactly, Julia. They are a very desirable addition to your bridal wardrobe. But I cannot but regret that they are not higher priced."

"Why, aunt Fanny! you astonish me. I had no idea that you were one of those ladies who think nothing worth having unless it cost an extravagant price."

"And you are much in error if you think now, Julia. But in looking at your cheap collars my sympathy is called forth for the poor seamstress, whose weary fingers performed the task which was to procure her a wretched substitute."

"O, it is all very true, aunt Fanny; and I am sure I pity the poor as much as any, but as long as this evil exists I may as well reap the benefit of it. You know that it is an ill wind that blows nobody good."

Aunt Fanny shook her head gravely as she replied:

"You speak lightly, Julia. May you never have reason to know the suffering which springs from this want of union of the interests of the employer and employed. But enough of this. Let us speak of your approaching marriage. Tell me when the wedding is to take place, and all about it."

"In two short weeks. I am to be married at my guardian's, of course. You know he does not quite approve of the marriage; or, at least, he would prefer that we should wait until Henry is established in business; but I have coaxed him into good humor. You know he might as well submit with a good grace, for I shall be eighteen on my wedding day, and my little property comes into my own hands. So we shall begin life in the style which we intended to keep up. A handsome house, well furnished, and in a pleasant part of the city. You shake your head, but you will see that it will all end well. And now say—will you grant the earnest request of Henry and myself, and make your future home with us? I shall need an adviser, and you shall be my second mother."

"My dear child! your kindness brings the tears to my eyes. But I cannot accept your invitation—at least, not at present. A few days ago I received an urgent request from an aged relative in England to come to her and be her companion and friend for the remainder of her life. She is wealthy, but lonely in her riches, and being nearly blind, is much dependent upon the kindness of those around her. At present there are none but servants to administer to her wants. She was the sister of my dear mother, and I feel it to be my duty to go to her and do what I can for her comfort. I sail in the next steamer."

"Before the wedding! Why, aunt Fanny, you will not leave us so soon?"

"My prayers will be with you and yours, dear Julia, but it is necessary that I hasten my departure as much as possible. Do not forget your old friend, and in the midst of your happiness sometimes remember the works of advice which she has so often spoken."

With many tears the young maiden bade adieu to one who, though in reality no relative, had long been a valued friend.

Julia Howard had become an orphan in early childhood. Her father's dying charge placed her under the care of one who, though in many respects was worthy of the trust, and had well performed the duty which devolved upon him.

At seventeen she became attached to Henry Lawrence, a young man of good family and unblemished character.

Her guardian heartily approved the connection, but as Julia stated to aunt Fanny, preferred that the young couple should wait until Henry was established in business, but this prudent advice was not followed.

Henry's prospects were good—Julia had a few thousands. Why not begin the world at once?

On the very day, when by a peculiar coincidence, the bridegroom was twenty-one and the bride eighteen, they stood at the altar and plighted those holy vows which bound them together for weal or woe.

All was sunshine then. The present was delightful, and the future bore the rainbow tints of hope.

Years passed are the dark clouds of adversity gathered around them, but alas! they did gather, and the bright sunlight faded away until scarcely one beam found its way to those once happy hearts.

We will pass over the train of misfortunes which had at length reduced the young couple and their two children to absolute poverty and want.

Impetuosity in their style of living, failure in business, long and severe illness, were the producing causes.

Unaccustomed to self-control, or to the denial of selfish gratifications, Julia was ill prepared to bear the rigid system of economy which was now necessary. She became irritable and morose, and thoughtlessly added many a drop to the bitter cup which her husband was drinking.

"There is no hope of your obtaining the situation with Mr. Markham which you

mentioned some days ago?" she suddenly asked, as her husband rose from their fragal meal, one cold morning in the early part of winter.

"None at all," was the reply. "The present clerk has decided to remain. But even my present situation is better than nothing. Three hundred will keep us from starving."

"I'd better be to die, Henry, than to live in this way. Life has lost all its charms for me, and I would gladly be at rest."

"But our children, Julia. Think of them and keep up your courage a little longer. The day may yet dawn upon us."

"Never, never. My own folly has brought this upon me. My guardian—warned me against marrying out, as well established in the world, but I slighted his advice. Thank God, he is not here to see how bitterly I have lived to repent my mistakes."

"And do you really regret it, Julia?"

"We regret the hindrance to such repose as banishes care's disturbing din, and then—will call the angels in."

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The Boy who was not Kidnapped.

This is all about a boy. Several days ago an item appeared in the *State Press* to the effect that in Westport a youth named Jackson had been kidnapped. He was last seen talking on the road to two strange men in a buggy. Search was made for him, but without avail. However, he was not kidnapped. Master Jackson lived with two parents in Westport, where he went to school. His parents live in Philadelphia. When school closed he was promised the vacation which was not fulfilled. So Master Jackson started off on his own hook. The family friends have friends in Washington. Fearing that he would create suspicion by attempting to dispose of his property in Westport, he walked to Norwalk, a distance of four or five miles. On reaching Norwalk he had solved a much better plan for raising funds than disposing of the bolt. He would catch fish and sell them. He might run short of money where there was no fish to catch, and then the bolt would come handy. But he had a fish-hook. He had a line, however, and also a bit of brass chain. In Norwalk he met a boy and succeeded in disposing of the bolt to him for a penny. With the penny he bought a hook, and attached it to the line, and went to sea. He had heard that fresh fish was safely carried to Europe, where it found a good market, but having no ice-chest he concluded to just catch enough fish for the local market. He fished three hours in the broiling sun, and caught but one fish after three hours. It was getting toward night, and he was very hungry. He went to the railway station and loitered about till night-fall, determined, under the cover of darkness, to secure a ride on the cars. Twice he got secured to the platform of a car but the noise of starting made him so nervous that he jumped off. Late in the evening he asked a man to tell him the way to Westport. He was hungry and frightened, and unmannered generally. The stranger took him in for the night, and the next morning directed him to the road home. Near noon he reached a point where he could look down upon the beautiful village. It was a lovely scene. The bells were ringing, and the villagers were gathered in holiday costume. They had been out all night scouring the woods, and all the morning dragging the Naugatuck river. Now the bells were calling them to a more thorough search. It was a beautiful sight. To the boy with the iron bolt in his pocket it must have been very affecting indeed.

The serpents raised their heads and hissed, but without showing any anger. Then taking a small pipe, attached to a wick in his hair, he produced scarcely audible sounds imitating the tail-specter, a bird that feeds upon bruised coconuts. Here the serpents uncoiled themselves, and one after another glided to the floor. As soon as they touched the ground they raised about one-third of their bodies, and began to keep time to their master's music. Suddenly the fakir dropped his instrument and made several passes with his hands over the serpents, without showing any anger. Then taking a small pipe, attached to a wick in his hair, he produced scarcely audible sounds imitating the tail-specter, a bird that feeds upon bruised coconuts. Here the serpents uncoiled themselves, and one after another glided to the floor. As soon as they touched the ground they raised about one-third of their bodies, and began to keep time to their master's music. Suddenly the fakir dropped his instrument and made several passes with his hands over the serpents, without showing any anger. Then taking a small pipe, attached to a wick in his hair, he produced scarcely audible sounds imitating the tail-specter, a bird that feeds upon bruised coconuts. Here the serpents uncoiled themselves, and one after another glided to the floor. As soon as they touched the ground they raised about one-third of their bodies, and began to keep time to their master's music. Suddenly the fakir dropped his instrument and made several passes with his hands over the serpents, without showing any anger. Then taking a small pipe, attached to a wick in his hair, he produced scarcely audible sounds imitating the tail-specter, a bird that feeds upon bruised coconuts. Here the serpents uncoiled themselves, and one after another glided to the floor. As soon as they touched the ground they raised about one-third of their bodies, and began to keep time to their master's music. Suddenly the fakir dropped his instrument and made several passes with his hands over the serpents, without showing any anger. Then taking a small pipe, attached to a wick in his hair, he produced scarcely audible sounds imitating the tail-specter, a bird that feeds upon bruised coconuts. Here the serpents uncoiled themselves, and one after another glided to the floor. As soon as they touched the ground they raised about one-third of their bodies, and began to keep time to their master's music. Suddenly the fakir dropped his instrument and made several passes with his hands over the serpents, without showing any anger. Then taking a small pipe, attached to a wick in his hair, he produced scarcely audible sounds imitating the tail-specter, a bird that feeds upon bruised coconuts. Here the serpents uncoiled themselves, and one after another glided to the floor. As soon as they touched the ground they raised about one-third of their bodies, and began to keep time to their master's music. Suddenly the fakir dropped his instrument and made several passes with his hands over the serpents, without showing any anger. Then taking a small pipe, attached to a wick in his hair, he produced scarcely audible sounds imitating the tail-specter, a bird that feeds upon bruised coconuts. Here the serpents uncoiled themselves, and one after another glided to the floor. As soon as they touched the ground they raised about one-third of their bodies, and began to keep time to their master's music. Suddenly the fakir dropped his instrument and made several passes with his hands over the serpents, without showing any anger. Then taking a small pipe, attached to a wick in his hair, he produced scarcely audible sounds imitating the tail-specter, a bird that feeds upon bruised

[SATURDAY, JULY 19, 1879.]

The Selma Argus (semi official) says that we shall have a reduction of the rate of taxation to 50 cents on the \$100, or even lower perhaps, by the next Legislature.

This is comforting, but it does not suffice to allay the discontent of the people at the neglect of the last Legislature to make a step in this direction. We have now accumulated in the Treasury a surplus of over two hundred thousand dollars. By the meeting of the next Legislature this sum will be almost doubled, under the rate fixed by the last Legislature, and we will then have quite four hundred thousand dollars of surplus fund. With such a reserve, of course a very considerable reduction may be made, and much bountiful capital manufactured for the administration thereby. But this does not alter the fact that the tax-payers have been wronged by the continuance of a rate of taxation far in excess of the sum necessary to meet the needs of the State. Through the continued imposition of the old rate of taxation, money will be continued to be poured idly into the vaults of the Treasury at a time above all times when the people need it in their pockets for the purpose of purchasing the actual necessities of life.

There is another consideration—namely: A large surplus fund in the Treasury is always a temptation to the Legislature to make liberal expenditures; and in such case there is no lack of men, with plausible schemes to subtract money from the Treasury, hanging around the State House. They flock to Montgomery during the sitting of the General Assembly, and press their point on the law makers with an ardor that too often carries success with it. The four hundred thousand dollars that will have accumulated in the Treasury by the time the next Legislature meets, will be a great temptation to the lobby, and if the people are unfortunate in the choice of their representatives, they may yet find themselves deprived of it altogether and taxes not reduced 'so much as you heard they were', after all. True, such raids on the Treasury after this surplus money of the people would be little less than highway robbery, but that fact would not much deter the 'public developer' from 'going for' it, and there is no accounting for the average legislator.

We know of certain disposition of funds that in law and equity belonged to the people, by the last Legislature; equally as reprehensible as would be the making away with the surplus fund now and to accumulate in the Treasury.

At any rate the people would be safer if they had that surplus two hundred thousand dollars in their pockets, and did not yet have to pay out two hundred thousand more than the State has any used for. That is the view we take of it.

The outrages on person and property committed by tramps, who infest the Northern States, is staple article of news with the papers of that section. The tramps go over the country in large or small bodies and their lawlessness is only regulated by their strength. They go into farm houses, and while the male part of the family are abroad in the fields, molest the women and compel them to get meals for them. When in larger force they boldly attack the farmers and rob them without mercy. They run the gamut of crime from petty theft to rape, arson and murder. Late papers contain an account of one hundred and fifty of these lawless characters who have installed themselves in a woodland up in one of the Northern States, and from that base of operations are making themselves the terror of the country for miles and miles around. They mount guard regularly, throw out pickets and defy the people and authorities. From them they make night raids on the farmers and rob them outrageously. When a farmer objects to being robbed they generally beat him within an inch of his life.

It is difficult for people down South to realize that there is a community within the bounds of the United States who would tolerate such a state of things for twenty-four hours. They cannot understand why the community does not rise up as one man and put down the band of lawbreakers with a strong hand.

We do things differently in the South, and probably that is the reason we are not troubled so much with tramps. When one does happen along, he is very humble and mild. The... to... arrogance on his part, such as forcing a farmers wife to cook the meal for him, would suffice to send him summarily out of the world, and he knows it.

Let us imagine a body of tramps quartered in any part of Calhoun, and performing like the hundred and fifty we have spoken of above. Do you know gentlemen of the Northern press what we would do with them? Listen and we will tell you. In a few hours the news would spread from one end of the county to the other and beyond. A few resolute spirits would assemble at a given point. The word would be 'saunt.' Exactly twenty-four hours afterwards a mount of a thousand men from Calhoun and adjoining counties would converge on all the points of the compass toward that camp of tramps. They would silently and speedily surround it. Having made sure that every possible loophole of escape was closed, they would open fire on the lawbreakers and in ten minutes there would not be a live tramp on the ground. A detail to bury the dead would be left, and that thousand men would go back to their farm work and business life as easily as if nothing extraordinary had happened. The result is simple. It involves little cost, a radical lecues. It is... radical, lecues. It is...

sures safety to property, shields mothers and wives from outrage, and infuses into these gentlemen called tramps, who claim a living without work at the hands of the world, a very healthy respect for Southern character.

We commend this remedy to the farmers of the Northern States. If they are too chicken hearted to use it, they must excuse us for not extending them our sympathy.

TO FARMERS.

The great mass of our readers are farmers, and if we can do anything to make our paper more interesting to them, we will gladly do it. It has been suggested to us to open our columns to the farmers of Calhoun for the discussion of their modes of planting, preparation of land etc. We would have published such communications at any time with pleasure, but perhaps this has not been well understood. Therefore, that it may be thoroughly understood, such communications will be welcome to us, we hereby invite the farmers of Calhoun, whether subscribers or not, to address any queries they may see proper on the subject of planting to their brother farmers, and any replies furnished us will be published. Moreover communications from any farmer who thinks he has a system that will benefit others will be published with pleasure.

Now, if you have a good idea, let your neighbor know it through the Republican. If you want any information on any given subject connected with farming, ask for it through the same source, and there are doubtless farmers in the county who will give it.

We state frankly at the outset that we shall not run the risk of appearing ridiculous by attempting to answer any question addressed to the paper. Unlike most editors, we are free to confess that we know probably less about farming than anything else in the wide wide world.

We want the whole correspondence carried on by men who are practical farmers and therefore apt to know what they are talking about.

Now, gentlemen, will you avail yourselves of the rest season, during laying by time, to start the ball in motion. Don't be afraid to write, if you are not used to it. We know some men who have valuable ideas and who never print them, because they are not fresh in their English Grammar and are afraid their communications will not appear well. It is not expected that all will write as correctly as those who are accustomed to it. Don't let this bother you a moment. Give us your ideas on paper and we will take care of the balance, and your communication will appear stripped of all errors that we can detect.

We heard a gentleman of good judgment and acute discrimination, remark the other day that the Jacksonville paper was more interesting now than at any time during its past history; and he ought to know for he has been taking it for twenty five years or more.

Ex-Sultan Murad V, who was deposed by the Council of Ministers at Constantinople, August 31, 1876, on the ground of "mental alienation," is reported to have escaped from the palace where he had been confined since that date. Murad only resigned from May 30, 1876, to the date of his deposition, three months—and was succeeded by Abdul Hamid, the present Sultan, his brother. Murad's "mental alienation" was due to an attack of the jin-jams, the result of excessive drinking.

OXFORD FLASHES.

From our regular correspondent.

If the drouth now prevailing in this section of country prevails much longer our corn crop will be a failure and cotton crop badly damaged. The scope of country in need of rain however is not large, perhaps five miles square. Oxford has doffed her summer suit and retired to the shades of war and idleness. I say war because the mosquito and fly to say nothing of other big-eared quadrupeds, and sexupeds, and centipedes, and millipedes, wage both aggressive and defensive warfare, and so you are bound to fight or be kicked on the nose, or acknowledged to the world that you are a coward.

Oxford has been so fortunate as not to lose a single life by the measles, notwithstanding there have been over one hundred cases, until the 14th inst. when Miss Petrie died, a young lady 24 years old, died with them.

We understand that the Methodist and Presbyterian Sunday schools of this place will have several delegates each, to represent them in the County Convention the 19th. The Baptist school declines to send any representatives.

Rev. E. T. Smyth and Dr. Dudley Williams have gone to Birmingham to attend the Baptist State Convention which convened in that city on the 17th inst.

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BILLY JOINS.

ADVICE TO A YOUNG MAN.

Remember, son, that the world is older than you are, by several years; that for thousands of years it has been so full of smarter and better young men than yourself that their feet stuck out of the dormer windows; that when they died the old globe went whirling on and not one man in ten million went to the funeral—or even if of the death. Be as smart as you can, of course. Know as much as you can without blowing the packing out of your cylinder head; staid the light of your wisdom abroad in the world, but don't dazzle people with it. And don't imagine a thing is so simply because you say it is. Don't be too sorry for your father because he knows much less than you do; remember the reply of Dr. Wayland to the student of Brown University, who said it was an easy thing to make proverbs such as Solomon wrote; "Make a few," tersely replied the old man. And we never heard that the young man made any. Not more than two or three, anyhow. The world has great need of young men, but not greater than the young have of it. Your clothes fit you better than your father's fit him; they cost more money; they are, more stylish; your moustache is neater; the cut of your hair is better, and you are prettier—oh, far prettier than "pa." But, young man, the old gentleman gets the biggest salary, and his family, scrambling signature on the business end of a check will drain more money out of the bank in five minutes than you could get out with a ream of paper and a copperplate signature in six months. Young men are useful, son, and they are ornamental, and we all love them, and we couldn't engineer a pie-nie successfully without them. But they are no novelties, son. Oh, no, nothing of the kind. They have been here before. Don't be so modest as to shut yourself clear out, but don't be so fresh you will have to be put away in the coffin to keep from spoiling. Don't be afraid that your merit will not be discovered. People all over the world are hunting for you, and if you are worth finding, they will find you. A diamond isn't so easily found as a quartz pebble, but people search for it all the more intently.

With the thermometer up in the high nineties, it seems strange to read about frosts in Nova Scotia that kill beans and cut down potatoe in bloom.

A Sunday-school boy of Maysville, Ky., was asked by the Superintendent if his father was a Christian. "Yes, sir," he replied, "but he is not working at it much."

A silly Republican newspaper fears that all the United States marshals will resign their offices because of the refusal of Congress to appropriate money for their salaries. There need be no fear on this score. Marshals are not made of that sort of stuff. Few of them die and none resign.

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"Fighting Dick" Anderson, South Carolina's Lieutenant General in the Confederate army, who died recently, earned his bread after the war as a clerk in a mercantile firm until last December, when even this poor resource being threatened, the Governor made him State Inspector of Phosphates.

Senator Blaine is said to be an imitator of Henry Clay. But the imitation, we think, consists in his failure to make himself President.

The President, who has just paraded a lot of colossal whiskey thieves in Chicago, is terribly distressed lest the failure of the brigadiers to provide for United States marshals will result in the escape of some petty moonshiners.

Every patriot must feel a profound pity for the President.—Chicago Times.

ASK YOURSELF THESE QUESTIONS.

Are you a despondent sufferer from Sick Headache, Habitual Costiveness, Palpitation of the Heart? Have you Dizziness of the Head? Is your Nervous System depressed? Does your Blood circulate badly? Have you a Cough? Low Spirits? Coming up of the food after eating &c. &c. All of these and much more are the direct results of Dyspepsia, Liver Complaint and Indigestion. Green's August Flower is now acknowledged by all Druggists to be a positive cure. 2,400,000 bottles were given away in the U. S. Through Druggists to the people as a trial. Two doses will satisfy any person of its wonderful quality in curing all forms of indigestion. Sample bottles 10 cents. Regular size 75 cents. Sold only by all first-class druggists in the United States.

HOW TO FORECAST THE WEATHER.

The publisher of the Southern基督教 will shortly issue a pamphlet containing his method of weather prediction, so that any one can tell as readily as himself predict the changes that may occur each month, and also forecast the character of the seasons. Price of Pamphlet, when delivered, 15 cents. Subscriptions taken at this office.

POSTPONED.

SHEIFF'S SALE.

By virtue of one file issued from the circuit court of Calhoun county, and to me directed, in favor of John Ross, executor of F. Ross deceased, and against E. G. & I. G. Morris, I will sell to the highest bidder for cash, before the court house, door, in front of Jacksonville Calhoun County, Ala., within the legal hours of sale on the first Monday in Aug., that being the 4th day of Aug., the following described property, to wit:

Commencing at the southeast corner of Sec. 9, township 16, range 9—east in Conasauga Land District—thence south 85 degrees west 98 poles, to a stake, thence north 45 degrees—west 85 poles to a stake, crossing the creek 40 poles from southwest corner of the lot, thence north 85 degrees, east 98 poles, to a stake, crossing the creek 40 poles from the northwest corner—thence south 45 degrees, east 85 poles, to the beginning corner, containing 32 acres more or less, with all the improvements thereon, levied upon as the property of E. G. & I. G. Morris, to wit:

Postponed by order of Plaintiff's Attorney from 1st Monday in June to above date.

Robertson, Taylor & Co.

Successors to

GEO. W. WILLIAMS & CO.

COTTON FACTORIES,

WHOLESALE GROCERIES

AND COMMISSION MERCHANTS.

Nos. 1 & 3 HAYNE STREET,

CHARLESTON, S. C.

Will give all business their best careful attention. Consequents of cotton solicited.

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Do you have a Cough?

Are your Low Spirits?

Is your Nervous System depressed?

Are you subject to Indigestion?

Are you subject to Consumption?

Are you subject to Fright?

Are you subject to Mental and Physical Incapacity?

Are you subject to Disease?

We are requested to state that it is desired to have a re-union of company 5th Confederate Cavalry, raised and commanded at the outset by Andrew Bowie and afterwards by G. K. Miller, at Talladega Fair Grounds, at the 1st annual fair at that place. This reminds us that the companies organized in this section of country will have similar re-unions at the approaching fair at this place this fall. It will add great interest to the fair and most pleasant to all parties. We will publish calls for such reunions with great pleasure. Let us have these small reunions this fall, and then prepare for grand re-union of all the Confederate soldiers of the Country the next 4th of October.

YELLOW FEVER.

We are glad to be able to announce that a yellow fever excitement has abated in Memphis. Up to this writing (Thursday) there have been no new cases since the 10th, and it is now hoped the fever will not become epidemic. Many cities, which at first alarm, quarantined against Memphis, have now raised the quarantine. Refugees returning to the city, the people from adjacent county now, go into it freely and business has been resumed. Three of our people have died from fever and those that are still remaining are convalescent. We sincerely trust that not only Memphis, but the South may be spared the scourge this year. That would be a good thing, for Christians to pray for.

We want the Jacksonville Sunday school to make preparation to attend the Sunday school Celebration, at Cleburne and Calhoun Sunday schools, at Rabbit Town, in this county, Friday, Aug. 15th. From fifteen hundred to two thousand people usually attend these annual celebrations and the occasion is one of marked interest and enjoyment. We are sure the Jacksonville Sunday schools will not regret their participation in the coming celebration, and we hope the subject will be brought up in each Sabbath school at its daily day. All Sunday schools in each county are free to participate.

The credit festival at the Female Academy Tuesday night was a social event of the most pleasant character. It was given by a few of the generous young men of the town to the young ladies, and proved to highly enjoyable that it will probably be repeated during the season. The lemonade, cake, and ice cream, all, were delicious, the music was excellent and the dancing simply superb. We contemplated the scene for an hour or more, and then with a sigh that we were not "boy again," we left the happy participants in the festivities to the enjoyment of the evening.

We return thanks to Mr. Isaac Frank for a basket of vegetables, consisting of a new and very prolific bean, Mammoth Irish potatoes of three varieties and very large tomatoes of several varieties. Mr. Frank is the most scientific gardener in the.

A full Commissioners Court met here Monday as a board of Equalization and at once proceeded vigorously to work. The present Court is a very industrious one and thoroughly competent officers.

The District Conference of the M. E. Church of Talladega District met at Etonville, St. Clair County, yesterday the 18th, and for that reason some of the ministers of the Methodist church who were on the programme for the Sunday School Convention cannot be here to day to participate.

Dr. J. C. Francis lost a cow this week by collision with the cars of the Iron Mountain Tram Road. Mr. Couper promptly made good the loss.

Mrs. E. L. Woodward, sr., of this place has been dangerously ill this week. At one time it was thought she could not live many hours. Thanks to devoted nursing and skilful treatment, she is now much better, and her speedy recovery is hoped for.

Col. Aiken, of Gadsden came over Tuesday and he and Gen. Forney went from here to Randolph Chancery Court.

We learn that there was an affray in which pistols were used among some negroes, near Alexandria, last Sunday. No particulars.

BURGLARY.—Tuesday night the store rooms of the Britains, near the depot, was broken into and a large amount of dry goods and groceries taken therefrom. Steps have been taken to catch the thieves.

Mrs. L. W. Grant has gone to Rome to spend the summer months, and in the language of Ryland Randolph, we are now a grass widow.

The commencement exercises of Prof. Stark's high school at Cross Plains will begin the 31st of this month. Mr. W. W. Woodward of this place has been invited to deliver the commencement oration.

WANTED.—To sell one large forty or fifty gallon iron stock pot. It is large enough to provide cooked food for all the stock on a farm. Will be sold cheap, as it is of no use to the owner. Will take what it is. Apply to this office.

Ex-Gov. William Allen, of Ohio, is dead.

By an oversight, the package of papers directed to Choccoloco post office—was enclosed—with the papers belonging to another post office. Our attention was called to the omission by Dr. Davis, the efficient post master of the Choccoloco office, and we remedied the master by at once sending over more papers of that date. We do not want any of our subscribers to miss one issue, if we can help it, and we would ask post masters to drop us a card should the papers any time fail to reach their offices. Dr. Davis has our thanks for his courtesy.

In the crowd of matter last week, the mention of the delightful party at Maj. Williams' residence was left out. We did not notice the omission until the paper was worked off.

Gen. R. H. Anderson, a Lieutenant General in the Army of Virginia, and known as Fighting Dick Anderson is dead. The Tenth Alabama, from this section, once served in his Division.

A man has been selling the people of Baldwin county by selling them the seed of a plant, which he claims to have imported from Germany, and recommends as good for everything. He got rid of his seed at the enormous price of fifty cents a seed. The plant is nothing more nor less than that known in this region as "Devil's Claws," and which grows wild all along our lanes and alleys. The plant may be seen growing about the Presbyterian church every year in its season. Here is a chance for a "spec," that will beat the fruit-tree business.

The people of Weaver's Station held an election, under the Local option law, last Monday, and voted "prohibition" by a vote of forty to four. The advocates of whiskey chose rather a bad time for the election. The weather has been entirely too hot for "fire-water," and they might have foreseen the result. We rather suspect, however, that the people of Weaver's would have voted it down hot or cold, rain or shine.

The Premium List of the Fair will not be out for a month. Premiums will be offered pretty much on the same articles as heretofore; however, and from this people will know what to compete for. Get ready for the Fair. It will be a big thing this Fall. The premium will be in money, and the people will get back through their exhibitions the money paid in at the gate, less necessary expenses. It is a people's mutual benefit affair, and belongs to everybody in Calhoun in general and nobody in particular. Let's all come together and resolve to make it a grand success.

Now that the wheat crop is housed, we know many of our patrons are able to come forward and pay us either in money from the sale of wheat or the wheat itself, and we hope they will no longer neglect us. Remember our expenses are all cash, and terribly heavy for a poor man. This is the dullest part of the year on newspapers, and it is a struggle to get through even under favorable circumstances. We have worked for the money you owe us, friend. It is now ours. We need our money badly. Don't keep it from us any longer. Come to the office or write and give us our money and entitle yourself to our esteem and respect as a man who withholds not from the laborer his wages.

WEAVER'S STATION.

You can see by the votes given in that the immortal burg of Weaver's Station don't go for "No Prohibition." "Prohibition" is a decided question. Forty votes said "abstain!" The vote of four cast for whiskey were entirely unblushing Amerians. If the vote is ever taken again it will be solid for Prohibition. The complaisant burg of Weaver's is one of rare moral attainments. No place can say more in respect to abstinence.

You can tell the boys that if they come down to Weaver's and get snake bit, they are sure to bid adieu to their former place of abode.

A colored drummer, representing a New York house, is doing business in North Carolina towns.

A San Antonio mocking bird whistles for help so naturally that policemen run and hide themselves in a quiet beat.

THE WRONG MAN.

BY DUDLEY WILLIAMS

Written for the Jacksonville Republican.

CHAPTER III

After dinner, the old man suggested, that they walk down to the office where the young man would be more than acquainted with the routine of duties connected with the position he was to assume.

"Of course Ralph," said he, becoming more familiar, "you are to put up at my house. You will find it comfortable enough I trust, and I hope you will feel yourself as much at home as though you were really one of the family."

The old gentleman uttered this language in such a kindly, fatherly tone, that Ralph's heart was deeply moved, so much so, his utterance was almost choked, and he only said to say, "thank you," in reply.

Arriving at the office, Ralph was at once introduced to Joe, Mr. Phillips' only son, and chief clerk, who had been so busily engaged during the day, he had not found time to attend to his meal.

Joe was a handsome young man, diligent and obliging, with but one significant blemish; he would run to extremes occasionally. He got up with a cordial reception and process of at once making the new employee his duties as assistant clerk.

For the first twelve months every thing went well with Ralph. He was in possession

of

of implicit confidence on the part of his employer and son; he revelled in the encouraging smiles of the old lady and Bertha, and basked in the sunshine of Katie's love. Yet, Katie had yielded her pure young heart to this same Ralph, and he in turn loved her with all the intensity of his being. Just as you, reader, predicted, when the young man's checks turned to roses in the parlor a year ago.

But a bitter, bitter autumn was to succeed this joyous springtime and dreamy love summer of Ralph's. Three months afterward, a cloud of the size of a man's hand, began to peer over the horizon, which ere long would hang like a black pall of despair above him, luminous with the lightning's forked glare, and resonant with the angry mutterings of thunder.

Mr. Phillips loved his daughters with an intense affection, and lavished upon them all the care and attention that a father could desire. At an extreemly early age he had employed the best instructors available, determined that they should be educated in all the accomplishments, the most exacting circle of society could demand. And so soon had the training commenced, that a year ago, when only fifteen, Katie had become a full fledged graduate in the import of that word. As yet she had not made her debut into society, with the old man and his somewhat eccentric wife preferring to retain her exclusively under their vigilant surveillance until a mature judgment should direct her in the selection of a husband, rather than the emotional emotions of a young and impulsive heart.

Little did the millionaire suspect that the youthful spirit, whom he had received under his roof more than twelve months ago, would one day become the recipient of his darling's first and purest love; but now the painful truth was beginning to steal upon him.

He had fully determined that Katie, indeed, neither of his daughters should enter society until she was eighteen, and that she must marry a young man, not her equal, but one to whom and educated.

Little did he, quite sensitive on the subject, discern the arrival of another month, that a coolness of demeanor on the part of the family, Katie alone excepted, was beginning to exhibit itself. He was not at all shocked when a short time after, Mr. Phillips informed him that he had engaged board and lodgings for him at Mr. Alston's, who lived convenient to the office, assigning no other reason than that it was inexpedient for him to remain where he was.

"I told Mr. Alston," said he, as he started to leave the office, "you would be arriving tomorrow."

Ralph's blood fairly leaped in his veins, but he said not a word. He knew the old man's feelings and despised them. His heart was nothing, haunted, though he trembled for the future.

When the great red sun had sunk in the west, and twilight had thrown her sombre shadows over the suky city, Ralph, his day's work ended, closed his great ledger, and set out for his boarding house, his hat pulled down over his eyes, indicative of a reflecting mood.

The great iron gate crooked on its hinges when he entered, as if groaning in sympathy with its bowed down, but not desponding heart. As he ascended the marble steps, and was nearing the "outer door," by which he had to pass to reach the "inner door," his ears caught the sound of soft, subdued notes, from the bosom of the grand "shepherding," accompanied by a note plaintive melody, extenuated the sweet responses of the ivy leaves the lily fingers were pressing. He paused a moment to listen; the voice was by no means an unfamiliar one—it was Katie's, and she was singing "Home, Sweet Home!" That soul-stirring melody that came from the great throbbing heart of the homeless Payne. That grand old man had so often thrilled the sorrow-laden breast of his innocent composition as the type of his friend, the wife of a master of the arts, while friendless and homeless, he remained the great thoroughfare of the world's metropolis. He advanced a little nearer and peeped in. Yes, Katie, and alone. Tiptoeing through the door he advanced to within a few feet of her.

She sat with her body slightly inclined toward the costly instrument, while her very soul seemed breathing out its essence to that tender, plaintive melody, "There's no place like home."

As these last sad, sweet words died upon her lips, their music seemed to ring and float gently away like angel's disposedness.

We have worked for the money you owe us, friend. It is now ours. We need our money badly. Don't keep it from us any longer. Come to the office or write and give us our money and entitle yourself to our esteem and respect as a man who withholds not from the laborer his wages.

WEAVER'S STATION.

You can see by the votes given in that the immortal burg of Weaver's Station don't go for "No Prohibition."

"Prohibition" is a decided question. Forty votes said "abstain!" The vote of four cast for whiskey were entirely unblushing Amerians. If the vote is ever taken again it will be solid for Prohibition.

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Scottish Abbeys.

In the crowded and busy manufacturing town of Dunfermline, on the high bank of a river's bed, stand the walls of one of the grand old palaces of the Scottish Kings, a reminder of the greatness of the ancient realm of North Britain. Close by them is the large abbey, still retaining some beautiful portions of its original structure. The ancient transepts and choir were destroyed, and their place has been supplied by a large, but prettily modern structure, intended as a memorial to King Robert the Bruce, whose body was laid in front of the altar of the old building; it is now under the pulpit of the new. With questionable taste, his name and title are displayed in large letters of stone around the top of the central tower. The nave, however, stood through the reformation. It has suffered from the hands of restorers who have replaced some of its ancient windows by those of more modern shape, and have built against its walls, supposed to be in danger of falling, flying buttresses, many times larger than were needed to support them; but all the external beauty which its Norman builders gave it is lost. And the interior has its massive arches and pillars almost as when they were built. Some of the latter show strikingly bold, zigzag cuttings, like that on two of the pillars at Durham, only with the ornamental appearance of a lance head at each of the upward points; and, according to the spectator's position, they can be made to present different optical delusions, seeming to taper at one time towards the top, and at another towards the bottom, or again appearing perfectly uniform in shape. The northern doorway, uninjured, except by the hand of time, is still very beautiful. Outside of the present east wall of the building, but within the enclosure of the old Lady-chapel, a part of the foundations of which yet remain, are the broken stones which made the grave of St. Margaret of Scotland and her royal husband. The tomb is not repaired, because it has not been decided to which of two boards of commissioners it belongs to attend to it. But the graves of some of the greatest and best of the ancestors of the present sovereign should not be neglected. Cambuskenneth. Of this old abbey, not far from the winding river which separates it from Sterling, there is left only the great square tower, and foundation stones which mark the outline of the large church. Melrose. Within a range of twenty miles stand the ruins of the three great abbeys of Melrose, Dryburgh, and Jedburgh, founded respectively by the Cistercians, the Premonstratensians, and the Augustinians. The ruins of the three buildings are full of interest, suggesting the time when each was the center of a temporal as well as a spiritual activity. Except at Dryburgh, there are few, if any, remains of the conventional buildings. Melrose Abbey has lost three bays from the west end of its nave, and the rest of that part of the building is much disfigured by the great modern pillars which have been put in on one side. But the graceful and elegant, the strangely narrow northern aisle, and the two aisles on the south with their numerous chapels—all three with the old stone roofs—are still standing for nearly half of the original length. I cannot describe the beauty of the chancel, where the east window retains a large part of its wonderful tracery and the rest is unbroken, or that of the transepts. Sir Walter Scott's verses may serve to suggest it. In a chancel aisle is the grave of Michael Scott; and it is a little startling to find it covered with a broken stone, so that one can look down into the grave and wonder if the wizard and his book are still there. The best exterior views of the abbey are, I think, from the north and the northeast. Pinacles and flying buttresses, statues and ornamental carvings, adorn every part. What must it have been in the days when it was perfect! Dryburgh. The architecture here belongs to a time close to those in which the Norman style prevailed; it is well seen in the windows high up in the south transept. Nearly opposite is the only part of the abbey which has a roof or the walls of which are in tolerably good preservation; and in this part rests, against the gray day, the body of Sir Walter Scott, his immediate family lying close about him. Many of the other buildings of the monastery can be easily traced; and some of them, for instance, the chapter-house are well preserved. The west wall of the refectory, pierced by a wheel window of almost primitive construction, is covered with very luxuriant growth of ivy. There is not even a village in the vicinity of the ruins; and they seem to have about them an air of peace and rest well-suited to the thoughts which one likes to have suggested by such a place. Jedburgh. The eastern, and oldest, part of Jedburgh Abbey is almost utterly ruined; but the nave is carefully kept in repair by the noblemen who own the property and who has built for the village a new parish church in order that he might restore the old building to its former condition. It is especially noticeable for its light colonnades with some forty-five pointed arches on either side, rising above the two rows of arches below. When the aisle walls were unshamed and the original carvings were unshamed, it must have been an extremely beautiful edifice.

The Colonel's Father.

Just before the Missouri editors left the Exchange for the depot, a wiry, four-sided chap about as tall as a beam-pole and as dry as a ham, slid up to one of the local journalists down there to see the crowd off, and whispered, "Any free drinks here?" "Haven't seen any," was the reply. "I thought those Southern fellows were great on the drink," continued the stranger. "Don't they always ask a man to take something when they get an introduction?" "Yes, I believe so." Well, my name is Sparks. Please introduce me to one of the crowd." He was presented to Col. Childs at once, the colonel being one of the jolliest of the lot. As they shook hands the stranger observed, "Colonel, I'm glad indeed to meet you. I think I used to know your father. I think we had many a drink together." "Ah! but you are dreadfully mistaken," replied the colonel. "My father was a man who drank often, but he always drank alone and was never known to pay for another's drink." Mr. Sparks fell back at once, and after a mournful glance at the water-cooler he slid off doors.

A Blood Story.

A poor Hindoo, having been released from the curse of the world, and from a scurvy wife, presented himself at the gate of Brahman's paradise. "Have I been through purgatory?" asked the god. "Not! but I've been married," he answered seriously. "Come in then; it's all the same." At that moment arrived another man, just dejected, who begged of Brahman to go in also. "Softly! softly! have you been through purgatory?" asked the god. "No! but what of that? Did you not admit, a moment ago, one who had not been there any more than I?" "Certainly; but he has been married." "Married? Who are you talking to? I have been married twice." "Oh, pshaw!" replied Brahman, "get away! Paradise is not for fools."

"Just from Leadville."

A conductor on the Michigan Central Railroad came across him the other day. The train, coming East, had just left Jackson, when the man from Leadville was discovered on the platform of the rear car. He seemed to have an object in being out there instead of in the car, but the conductor was deceived as to his motive. Conductors rarely ever get hold of the correct theory when they find a man with a long neck and a lean satchel sitting on the rear platform.

"Trying to beat my way—great heavens! but how can you say that?" replied the man from Leadville to the conductor's brief but vigorous salutation. "No, sir—e! I came out here for fresh air. I've camped out so long that I'm sick as a hoss the minit I feel a root over me. I'll be in a minit and pay my fare to Detroit. I'm going up there to engage 1,700 men to return to Leadville with me."

The conductor suggested that he enter the car and pay his fare at once. Michigan conductors don't seem to care a clam shell whether a passenger hauls from Leadville or Bungtown.

"Pay my fare at once—of course I will!" replied the man from Leadville. "The owner of the Huckleberry mine wouldn't look very well trying to beat a one-track railroad out of three four dollars' fare. I'll be in there just a minit—just as soon as the gnawins feelin' of the stummick is kinder gone. You had better go in and get change for a five hundred dollar bill, so as not to detain me."

The conductor went back through the cars, and returned. The owner of the Huckleberry mine was no longer on the platform, but was sound asleep in one of the coaches.

"Pay my fare!" he shouted as the conductor gave him a vigorous shaking up. "Do you charge me double fare because I own the biggest and richest silver mine in Leadville. Am I to be imposed on because I am about to engage thirteen hundred laborees in Detroit, at \$2 a day per man?"

"I want your fare," said the conductor.

"Want it twice over?"

"You haven't paid your fare yet, but you must or I shall put you off the train."

"I appeal to my fellow-passengers, do I?" exclaimed the man from Leadville; even if I do own the Huckleberry mine, and half interest in the Short cake, I'm not to be swindled!"

"I give you one quarter of a minute to pay your fare!" said the conductor, as he reached for the bell-rope.

"I'll pay," replied the man, after a few seconds—"I'll pay now, and sue the company when I pay Detroit. I'll have to pay you 'n silver bars, as I'm short of gold coin and greenbacks."

He fished up his old satchel, took about four minutes to unlock it, and after a dive and a scramble he fished up two old paper collars, the remains of a shoe-brush, and an old darning needle threaded with a foot or two of string. "Come! I'm in a hurry," said the conductor.

"I want the train searched; I've been robbed of over \$3,000 worth of silver bars!" shouted the man from Leadville, turning the satchel, wrong side out and holding it up.

The train was stopped and he was ordered to alight. He looked from the big brakeman to the conductor and sorrowfully remarked:

"Yes, I'll dismount. I've bin robbed, insulted and abused, and I want to sit down on a log and think it over and plan my revenge. The owner of the Huckleberry Mine can't be stopped with impunity, and you hear me!"

The train started. As the last car reached him, the Huckleberry man made a grab for the platform, missed the rail, and the last seen of him his feet were twinkling above the bulrushes of the roadside swamp. He had got a lift of fifteen miles, and was doubtless satisfied.

One of the Drailers.

Leopold Silverberg, you were helplessly drunk said Justice Bixby, when officer Mulligan placed at the bar a middle aged German, with sunburnt countenance, whose matted hair and beard appeared not to have felt the touch of comb or brush for many a day.

"The officer swears that he took you to the station house in a hand cart. Is that true?"

"Yah."

"Do you get drunk frequently?"

"Yah."

"Have you ever been arrested before?"

"Yah."

"Do you realize your position?"

"Yah."

"Are you a married man?"

"Yah."

"Have you any children?"

"Yah."

"Instead of supporting them you spend your money on rum?"

"Yah."

"Where do you reside?"

"Your Honor," said Officer Mulligan before Leopold had a chance to answer the fast interrogatory, "that man is deliberately lying. I have known him for the last six years. He is one of the 'drawlers' and resides at the foot of sixth street. When I arrested him last evening he offered me his tomato can which was filled with stale beer, as a bribe to let him go."

"Leopold, you have heard the officer's statement. Is it true?"

"Yah."

"Will six months on the Island learn you to tell the truth?"

"Yah."

"Do you understand the English language?"

"Yah."

"Six months," and Leopold was led into the prison yard, where he in pure English, cursed Judge, officers and clerks.

Madame Gerster the soprano, received only \$200 a night for hersing.

Over \$11,000,000 back taxes are due the State of Louisiana.

AGRICULTURE.

CELERY CULTURE.—The culture is somewhat as follows: Obtain good seed grown from selected plants of solid, stout, stocky growth; then allow out all the herds and seed. Sow these "pedigree seeds" early, so thoroughly in the soft soil, in rows a foot or more apart, one inch wide in the row, less than a dozen seeds to the square inch; cover very slightly with fine sifted soil. Press hard by Peter Henderson's method of treading upon every part of the row, or some equivalent firming. Then shade with a very light spread of clean rye straw, which should be removed as the seeds begin to sprout. Unless the ground is very rich, water every week so with diluted guano water, containing a trace of salt. When the plants are four inches up shear them half off, and do so once or more thereafter, as the tendency to grow tall at the expense of stoutness increases. Transplanting may be dispensed with, when plants are grown by this method. Next expect good celery from small, spindling plants. Select the best for setting, and carefully throw the rest away. Don't give them to anybody to waste their hopes and energies upon. In moist, rich land allow a trench as deep as you can in July, put in twice as much manure from the cow-stable as you would for any other crop, dig or plow until thoroughly mixed with the soil, when the trench will be nearly full, then set plants of equal size six to eight inches apart, in a straight row, and so on. Keep the weeds down, the ground mulched, and let or make the celery grow according to the season. Don't let its uncertainties peril your crop, if water, teams and barrels are to be had. Nearly all celery is injured and a great deal spoiled by premature earthing up, the finest stock spindled, pliped and ruined just as it begins to grow. This tightening of the infant celery precludes the possibility of right development afterwards.

ROOTS FOR COWS.—Roots are being raised largely for milch cows, and the size and quality that is most desirable is a question of much importance. The Rural New Yorker thinks the practical dairyman will give preference to the form of root most nearly approaching the globular, first from side roots, and with a tap root as little fleshy as possible. In support of this belief it says:—"Farmers cannot wash their roots before feeding, yet they are all sensible of the evil of feeding them mixed with the earth which adheres to the fine fibres and branching prongs. If no other reasons were to be given, it is sufficient that great injury from wear is inflicted upon the teeth of animals that must chew up an ounce of sand with every pound of root. The attention of seedsmen has been thoroughly awakened to the existence of this opinion among practical herdsmen, and most of the new and improved sorts now offered are the globular form. As between the globular and the root form, there is the amount of frost-proof storage room which they require. The larger they grow the more room they occupy in proportion to their feeding value, and the more likely to be hurt by slight frosting, both before harvesting and after being stored. A firm, heavy, bulb of moderate size, with small neck, top and tap root, and as near to no side roots or fibres as possible, is what is needed. We advise our readers to select from the lists of the seedsmen the roots of this class, testing various strains, and selecting those that best suit their soil and their judgment."

Raised Biscuit.

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Jacksonville

REPUBLICAN

"THE PRICE OF LIBERTY IS ETERNAL VIGILANCE."

VOLUME XLII.

THE REPUBLICAN.

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SO SAD.

I'm sad, so sad, that the long sunshine
Of Summer days is past;
That the soft twilight and glory line
Which gilds the sky with golden vine
Are curtailed with the clouds recline
As they early shadows cast.

I'm sad, so sad!

I'm sad, so sad, as bright winged birds
Are flocking on the hill,
Chirping a farewell into words,
A message to the grazing herds,
A chorus plaintive as a dirge,
While parting prayers they trill.

I'm sad, so sad!

I'm sad, so sad, as leaves are torn,
And by rude storms are thrown.
Empty nests are roughly borne
To wreath with flowers on graves forlorn,
Nature's symbol that to mourn
Is not left to man alone.

I'm sad, so sad!

My heart's first love with the Summer's fled;
I sing with the birds as I flown.
I'm left with the sighing winds instead
To grieve for the precious life that sped.
For the form in its cold and hard bed;
For the ripe sheaf that is mown—

I'm sad, so sad!

JACKSONVILLE, ALABAMA, SATURDAY, JULY 26, 1879.

WHOLE NO. 2206.

The Largest Orchard in the World

Robert McKinstry, of Hudson, N. Y., enjoys the honor of owning the largest orchard in the world. Like all fruit-growers, and others of kin to that profession, he is kindly and liberally disposed, and has no scruples to reserve from others who love fruit-growing, and to talk of fruit. Visitors are therefore made welcome, and his orchard is open to inspection by all who are interested in his labors. The orchard is situated on the east bank of the Hudson river, on high rolling table land, and occupies 300 acres, and contains more than 24,000 apple trees, 1,700 pears, 3,000 cherries, 500 peaches, 200 plums, 200 crabapples, 1,600 vines, 6,000 currants, and 200 chestnuts. The varieties grown are: Rhode Island Greening, 7,000; Baldwin, 6,000; King of Tompkins Co., 4,000; Astrachan, 1,000; Northern Spy, 500; Wagener, 500; Gravenstein, 400; Cranberry Pippins, 200; Ben Davis, 200; Duchess of Oldenberg, 100; with Jonathans, Hubbardstones, Cayugas, Vanderwers, Bellflowers, Pearnains, Peck's Pleasants, 20-ounce Pippins, Russets and others in less number. The pears are Bartlett, B. d'Anjou, Sheldon, Seckel and Lawrence chiefly. Of cherries there are 28 varieties. The orchard is remarkably thrifty and the oldest trees are about 20 years old. The soil is a dry, rolling gravel with some limestone; the trees are planted 20 feet apart and do not seem by any means to have lingered by the way. For a farm dog he is of special value, as he can easily be trained to manage with gentleness any kind of live-stock. He is domestic in his habits. While kind and affectionate to his owner, and his herds, he is watchful and suspicious of strangers and strange animals. His good disposition gives him great influence over his charge, and causes them to have confidence in him. When a flock is afraid of the shepherd's dog, it shows wrong management on the part of the shepherd, and that the dog has been badly trained. The Scotch Colley has long and woolly hair, a bright mild eye, a sharp nose, an intelligent, a long bushy tail curling upwards, with the end clear of the ground; and in color is usually black and tan, variegated with a little white. Not the least wonderful or useful characteristic of the dog is his tenacious memory, by which he has been known to dig into the drift and release imprisoned sheep, and to warn chilled lambs by huddling close to them. He is valiant in their defense, and will give battle to a wolf without hesitation. No vagrant dog will be permitted to approach a flock of which he has charge. He will bring back stragglers when upon the march, and will return to find the sore-footed ones that the pasture for them unbidden. He can range his flock upon one side of a road, when meeting other sheep, and thus keep them from intermixing with the strangers. He will discover by his acute sense of smell sheep that have been overwhelmed in snow-drifts and will conduct the shepherd to the place. If no help is available, he has been known to dig into the drift and release imprisoned sheep, and to warn chilled lambs by huddling close to them. He is valiant in their defense, and will give battle to a wolf without hesitation. No vagrant dog will be permitted to approach a flock of which he has charge.

The New Steam Wagon

A new style of road vehicle, designed to be propelled by mechanical power, has made its appearance in London, England. The carriage closely resembles an ordinary dog cart; the shafts are very short, and incline together, meeting two feet in front of the dashboard; between them is a third wheel, working upon an upright shaft, which could be turned by a handle placed the same as that of a bicycle, this handle is worked by reins, in the hands of the driver. The motive power is obtained by the combustion of benzine, a small jet of which is admitted into the burner. It is then set on fire, and is completely consumed by a current of air, which, until the machine is in action, is produced by turning the small handle already alluded to. The burner is about the size of an ordinary chimney pot hat, and quite as elegant, is lined by coils of a copper tube, containing water; this tube is calculated to bear 2,000 lbs. on the square inch, and in working only receives 60 lbs., so that practically it is not likely to burst, and if such an accident did occur, the results would not be serious, as the whole tube only contains a pound of water. The steam generated in this tube passes at one end into the cylinders of a small torpedo engine, which rotates a horizontal shaft; it then passes into a cooler, where it is condensed by the effect of a current of cold air driven against the outside of the vessel by a revolving fan, and the water so produced is forced back into the other end of the tubular boiler by a force pump; hence there is not the slightest escape of steam, nor is there any smoke, as the benzine is entirely consumed by the current of air. The revolving engine shaft works the driving shaft, not directly but by the medium of two cones placed side by side, their bases being reversed in position. A figure of eight band connects the two, and as it is moved toward the base of one it nears the apex of the other, and thus increases or diminishes the speed of the driving shaft, which is connected with the driving wheel, or off wheel, by an endless band.

A Contract Made.

We often laugh at the Chinese and their chopsticks—or small sticks of wood or ivory—with which they eat, and fancy they must make very dirty work at their meals; yet they are cleanly and civilized compared with the habits of our ancestors some three hundred years ago. Then forks were unknown. Each man had his own knife, and at dinner seized the joint with his hand and cut off what he wished. The dish was then passed on to the next, who did the same. The knife then cut up the portions into small pieces, which were put into the mouth by the fingers of the hand unoccupied by the knife. In many parts of Spain, at present, drinking-glasses, spoons, and forks, are rarities; and in taverns in many countries, particularly in some towns in France, knives are not placed on the table, because it is expected that each person has one of his own—a custom which the Gauls seem to have retained from the old Gauls; but, as no person will any longer eat without forks, landlords are obliged to furnish these, together with plates and spoons. None of the sovereigns of England had forks till the reign of Henry VIII. All, high and low, used their fingers. Hence, in the royal household there was a dignitary called the evry, who, with a set of subordinates, attended at the meals with basins, water and towels. The office of the evry survived after forks came partially into fashion. About the first royal personage who is known to have had a fork was Queen Elizabeth; but, although several were presented to her, it remains doubtful whether she used them on ordinary occasions. Forks were employed only by the higher classes in the middle of the seventeenth century. About the period of the revolution (1688) few English noblemen had more than a dozen forks of silver, along with a few of iron or steel. At length, for general use, steel forks became an article of manufacture at Sheffield. At first they had but two prongs, and it was only in later times that the three-pronged kind were made. As late as the early part of the eighteenth century table-forks—and we may add knives—were kept on so small a scale by the country inns in Scotland, (and perhaps in some parts of England,) that it was customary for gentlemen travelling to carry with them a portable knife and fork in a shagreen case. The general introduction of silver forks into Great Britain is quite recent. It can be dated no further back than the termination of the French war in 1814.

Shepherd Dogs.

The Scotch Colley dogs are remarkable for great intelligence; an instinct which seems sometimes to surpass reason; wonderful endurance, and activity. Without these dogs, sheep-keeping in many districts, useful for no other branch of agriculture, would be impossible. The home of this breed is the Scotch highlands, a locality of rocks and hills, interspersed with grassy valleys; elevated table lands bearing scanty herbage, and "moors," or level or slightly undulating tracts covered with gorse, heather, low bushes, boggy places, and scattered rocks. Upon these hills sheep are kept in large flocks, exposed from day to day to all the vicissitudes of storm, misfortune, rain and snow, with no other shelter than is afforded by the lee-side of abrupt precipices, overhanging rocks, stone walls, or in rough sheds of poles and heather. Without his dogs the shepherd would be helpless to manage his flock in this rough country. In countries where arable land bears a very big price, only such land as cannot be plowed is given up to sheep pastures, and here the dog is invaluable; and not only here, for he is made useful upon the more civilized hill-sides of

the Scotch low-lands; upon the grassy downs of England, the rich farms where sheep-keeping is only incident to high culture, and upon our own western plains. Everywhere, where sheep are kept, a sheep dog of some kind is found useful; and of all the different varieties the Scotch Colley is considered the most valuable. He possesses a rare instinct for his work, which comes as a second nature to him. He often knows the ways of sheep better than his master, and understands the signals of the shepherd when far out of hearing, with great precision. Cases have been known in which the dog has discovered the absence of some lambs of the flock which his master had not missed, and has returned to the pasture for them unbidden. He can range his flock upon one side of a road, when meeting other sheep, and thus keep them from intermixing with the strangers. He will discover by his acute sense of smell sheep that have been overwhelmed in snow-drifts and will conduct the shepherd to the place. If no help is available, he has been known to dig into the drift and release imprisoned sheep, and to warn chilled lambs by huddling close to them. He is valiant in their defense, and will give battle to a wolf without hesitation. No vagrant dog will be permitted to approach a flock of which he has charge.

The Two Murphys.

A good story is told of the Irish comedian, Joe Murphy.

It was during the "blue ribbon" excitement of last season, and Joe was journeying to a small town in the vicinity of Pittsburgh. As the train steamed into the depot, it was boarded by half a dozen men, who, after a hurried conference with the conductor, approached the comedian with beaming faces.

"Mr. Murphy, I believe," said the spokesman, hat in hand.

"At your service, sir," replied Joe.

"Delighted to meet you, sir. We are the committee appointed to take you in charge," and they fairly dragged the astonished Joe from the car, placing him in a carriage, with the conductor, with beaming faces.

"We will call for you after supper, Mr. Murphy," said the spokesman.

"One moment, gentlemen," cried St. Joseph, as he pulled the bell-cord vigorously.

"Waiter, drinks for the party."

"Drinks!" shrieked the conductor in a chorus.

"Mad," echoed Joe; "not a bit of it. Name your beverages, gentlemen."

"Oh! this is terrible backsidiing," said one.

"Francis Murphy ordering drinks."

"Francis Murphy," repeated the perplexed Joe. "I am Joe Murphy, the comedian."

They saw it all, and rushed wildly from the room in search of the temperance apostle, who was even then toiling painfully from the depot on foot, "toting" a huge carpet-bag.

Both the Murphys drew large houses that night.

Growing Ivy in Rooms.

Ivy will succeed better in a warm, dry room than any other plant, and all that is needed to make it attractive is the exercise of a little ingenuity in the appliances for its home. A vase, not necessarily costly by any means, will answer a good purpose; and this reminds us of an excellent idea that we lately noticed in a foreign periodical for growing this very plant. Long

shoots of ivy were procured, with the young and tender aerial roots very abundant. The lower ends were wrapped in moss, and then some five or six of these were lightly tied together at the bottom and placed in the vase. Fill the vase within a few inches of the top, and suspend the ball of moss within.

The roots will soon commence to grow, and afterward the moss should not quite reach the water, as the roots will extend down into it, and prove all sufficient.

So many different varieties of ivy are now in cultivation, that by selecting kinds that will form a decided contrast in shape and color, the effect will be sensibly heightened.

The centre of the vase may be filled with cut flowers, or grasses, or nothing would look better than ferns. The ivy may be allowed to hang down over the sides of the vase in graceful festoons, or else be trained and placed over and around the window.

It will not grow quite as well in strong light as when partly shaded, as the ivy loves shade and an even, cool atmosphere. It can be planted in tubs and trained up a stairway, thus forming a mass of green foliage from the hall below to the floor above.

A convenient way to grow a small ivy is to fill a small fish globe with clean rain water, putting in the bottom some tiny shells and gay colored stones for ornament; place this a slip of parlor ivy, and suspend the globe by three small brass chains, which may be bought at any hardware store.

This may hang from the window cornice or from the centre of the chandelier, or in any other place where the light is not too strong. By filling up with fresh water as fast as it evaporates, you may sustain the life of an ivy all winter. In replenishing the water add three drops of ammonia to it.

Memory's Queer Freaks.

In San Francisco one shakes hands with a friend on the street corner to-day, and next year meets him fresh from a trip round the world, and is rather surprised to find him in another suit of clothes, the pattern of the old being as fresh in our mind's eye as if we had seen it yesterday. The other day a front street merchant and his wife were seated in a street-car, when another gentleman stepped in. The moment he saw the first-mentioned party the latter said,

Got 'Nother.

A South Hill schoolma'am the other day while working an example on the board, detected an urchin directly behind her in the unallowable act of devouring an apple. She said to him: "Tim, what are you doing?" "Nuthin," said Tim, with his mouth so full his cheeks stuck out on either side like aldermen's stomachs. "You are," paradoxically insisted the teacher; "what have you in your hand?" "Napple," said Tim, with some surprise, as he looked at the fragment of the apple in his hand and was wondering. "What has become of the rest of it?" "Duno," said Tim, looking around in an amazed effort to discover who had the rest of it. "Somebody's been eatin' it."

"Have you any more?" demanded the teacher. "Yes'm," said Tim dolefully; "got 'nother." "Where is it?" relentlessly pursued the teacher. "On my desk," sighted Tim, as he began to suspect that the teacher was going to demand it of him. "Well take it out and go stand on the platform and eat it." "Eat 'em both?" quipped Tim, with a smile. "Yes, eat them both." "Eat all I got?" demanded Tim in a subdued tone of countenance.

"Yes, eat all you have," impatiently responded the teacher, and turning to the board, confirmed: "And don't you leave that platform while you have any apple un-eaten." Silence reigned in the school room. The paper pellet pursued its tranquil transit unperturbed. The busy hum of the studious made more noise than the cautious smile of the indolent. Tim stood at his post. The urchin in his hand soon disappeared, and he fell upon the other apple silently, but determinedly. Quickly it followed the first. Then he put his right hand in his pants pocket and took out an apple and, after a cautious reconnoitre during which he wiped it on his trousers, he began the attack. He carried the fort. Down went the hand again and another apple was brought to fight. It was quickly dispatched. A third followed. Then he changed his position, and resting the weight of his body on his left leg, sighted as he drew from his left breeches pocket another apple. When it was gone he drew on the commission for another, and by the time he produced the eighth apple he was silently being observed by two-thirds of the boys in the room. The teacher turned and saw the boy still standing in the attitude of a thief, with his hands in his pockets, holding an apple. He had his eyes open, and looking up could see the bridge through the water. My life preserver saved me after I went under the water. Realizing I must be about my business I threw up my hands, paddled a little and instantly rose to the surface."

What Boy's Should Be.

Be true, be genuine. No education is worth anything that does not include this. A man had better not know how to read than to be true and genuine in intention and in action, rather than being learned in all sciences and in all languages, to be at the same time false in heart and countenance in life. Be pure in thought and language, pure in mind and body. An impure man, young or old, poisoning the society where he moves with smutty stories and impure examples, is a moral leper, a pitiful spot, a leper who ought to be treated as were the lepers of old. Be unselfish. To care for the comforts and feelings of others. To be polite. To be just in all dealings with others. To be generous, noble and manly. Be self-reliant and self-helpful even from early childhood. To be indomitable always, and self-supporting at the earliest proper age. Teach them that all honest work is honorable, and that an idle, useless life of dependence on others is disgraceful. When

SATURDAY, JULY 26, 1879.

COONEY S. S. CONVENTION.

The proceedings of the Sunday School Convention held here Saturday and Sunday last, reached us Wednesday, but owing to their length and the press of other matter which reached us first, they have been laid over until next week. The Convention we will say was entirely harmonious, and will doubtless result in great good.

We are glad that the farmers are so prompt to respond to our invitation of last week. It shows that they take an interest in the matter. We say in compliment to the farmers, that the two first communications needed no correction except in "pointing" in case of one. No profession would have made a better show than this. But the fact that you cannot write correctly, should not deter any farmer in the country. If you have an idea, don't be stingy with it. We shall not allude in future to the fact that communications are correct or incorrect.

We do not think our correspondent from Anniston, (Philo) should have been too modest to append his full signature to his letter. His object is most laudable, and we are disposed to encourage it; but all religious communications to newspapers tend to sectarian controversy. We have ever found it thus; but in the hope that we may be disappointed this time, we admit. But at the very first approach of a sectarian controversy, we shall take the liberty of discontinuing the religious column.

As God knows our heart, we want to do as much good in the world as we can. We make no professions; but parties who have read our paper will testify that never a sentiment, until for family perusal has found a place in its columns. We have humbly tried in our humble sphere to elevate and enoble our fellows and we care not what may be the judgment of the world, we have the consciousness of duty performed in this regard. We admit the communication with pleasure,

Among the delegates attending the S. S. Convention here Saturday and Sunday, we note Prof. Dodson of Oxford College. He once taught in Jacksonville, at the outset of his useful career, and then it was our fortune to belong to his Latin and Greek classes. Even then so early in life, we discovered traits of character in Prof. Dodson, that then and ever since have commanded our respect and attention, and we have learned with no surprise that he has a work of philosophical character in preparation, and that he has given about three of the best years of his life to it. This guarantees its favor with the world of letters as soon as it is published. He delivered a lecture here at the Teachers' Institute, embracing some of its points, which was declared the best thing of the session. We did not hear the lecture, but we know that Prof. Dodson is incapable of producing anything weak. He unites to wonderful powers of conversation and highly cultivated mind, that lofty determination of character so essential to success in life; and we for one shall look forward to the production of his work with great interest.

How HILL AND STEPHENS SHOOK HANDS.

[Augusta Chronicle.]

The first advance was made by Mr. Hill, when he ascertained that it would be entirely acceptable. It was made publicly, in the House of Representatives when in session. Mr. Stephens has the most conspicuous place in the House, and just in front of the Speaker's desk, where he wheels his chair around promiscuously. Mr. Hill approached Mr. Stephens, extended his hand, which was warmly grasped in return by the Comptroller, and, after the passage of a few kind words on both sides, the grave of five years of hostility, or rather of unfriendly silence, was closed up never more to be disturbed. Mr. Hill is so lofty a character and stands so prominently in the Senate and before the country that he could afford to make the first advance. Nothing in his glorious life was more worthy of him and nothing he will ever do can tarnish the brightness of that memorable scene, when the two illustrious Georgians were true to themselves, their State, their country and their God.

Editor Republican.

I notice in the last issue of the Republican, that you have opened your columns to the farmers for the discussion of subjects, in relation to the preparation of the soil, for the planting and cultivation of crops. I think it is a good idea, and if the farmers will respond, will add much to their interest.

I have a new idea of cotton planting that I wish to call the attention of our farmers to.

We are too far north of the cotton belt to make a full crop of cotton; on account of the short duration of the season which is necessary for the proper growth of that plant.

By the new method I think we can make at least two thirds of a crop, — save one half of the seed per acre that is generally planted; and be sure of a good stand.

I propose to obtain this by planting the seed at least one month earlier than it is generally planted, — say between the 7th and 15th of March. Bed your land; and put in fertilizers at the same time, just as soon as the vicissitudes of the

loose up the planter so as it will distribute not more than one bushel per acre, perhaps 3 of a bushel would be a sufficient quantity, it would better if the seed be 3 or 4 in. apart.

If they become inundated, it will make no material difference, for the soil being chilled at that period will prevent them from coming up prematurely. At the proper time they will come up from 4 to 6 days sooner, than if covered.

And every seed will come up and look vigorous, and have long shanks, you will not see "Possum Eared" stuff which is too often the case when it has come through hard ground, or in case it does not come, replant, or have a bad stand. Another good reason for planting such a small quantity of seed, is, that it will continue to grow from the time it comes up, and not be injured from being too thick, which is usually the case.

So by this way of planting, the farmer can give more time and attention to planting and cultivating other crops, by letting his cotton stand longer, without injury.

The only disadvantage in planting a crop this way, is chopping it out, it being below the surface. I don't think it is a disadvantage either, for the difficulty found in chopping, can be obviated by the use of a top harrow, which will fill up the furrow, and at the same time, destroy the vegetation which will then be ready to come up.

I think that a crop planted in the above manner can be cultivated with one half the labor that is required the old way, and I do not think that I would be exaggerating to say one third, if the proper labor saving implements be used. More anon.

C. H. BOWLING.

Editor Republican.—I see by last Republican, that you will allow the farmers of Calhoun a column in your paper weekly. We suppose we take things in order. This conceded, the next crop in order of business will be turnips. I want to hear from the turnip men.

At what time should Ruta Bagas be planted?

What are the best fertilizers for this crop?

How should the soil be prepared?

When should they be housed, after full growth in the fall?

What variety are most suitable for this section?

I praised a fine crop last season and found them excellent for table as well as stock. I raised some seed this spring that are well matured. I have heard that Ruta Bagas seed would not mature.

I look on turnips as being a valuable crop, and would like to have the experience of those who have been raising them successfully. More anon.

S. E. DOWBLE.

MR. EDITOR:

Will you allow me a little space in your columns to speak of one feature of the Sunday School Convention. All the proceedings were very interesting indeed, and the music was magnificent, we cannot describe it. The selections were very appropriate, and the rendition excellent. All praise is due to the young people of Jacksonville, for the splendid music furnished by them during the Convention. We have often heard of Mrs. Wyly's musical talents, but we were totally unprepared for such music as we listened to upon this occasion. It was far superior to anything we have ever heard in a town the size of yours. We are informed that it was under the exclusive direction of Mrs. Wyly, and it certainly sustained her high reputation as a musician. It would have reflected the very highest honor upon the choir of any church in any city. Your town is surely blessed with musical talent, for we have rarely found so many fine voices in one choir, with such fine musical talent among the young people and, with the assistance and under the direction of Mrs. Wyly, we feel warranted in asserting, that no town in Alabama under, five thousand inhabitants, can form such a choir as the one in attendance upon the Convention.

VISITOR

A SPECIMEN OF MODERN EXEGESIS. (Birmingham Dart.)

The following bits off pretty fairly the way in which some discourses are constructed:

"Brethren, the words of my text are—

"Old Mother Hubbard, she went to the cupboard,

"To get her poor dog a bone,

"But when she got there the cupboard was bare,

"And so the poor dog had none."

did not hop, or skip, or jump, or use any other peripetic artifice; she solely and merely "went" to the cupboard.

"We have seen that she was old and lonely, and we further see that she was poor. For, mark, the words are 'the cupboard.' Not 'one of the cupboards, or the 'right-hand cupboard,' or the 'one above, or the one below, or the one under the floor, but just the cupboard.' The one humble little cupboard the poor widow possessed.

And why did she go to the cupboard? Was it to bring forth golden goblets or glittering precious stones, or costly apparel or feasts, or any other attribute of wealth? It was to get her poor dog a bone! Not only was the widow poor, but her dog, the sole prop of her age, was poor too. We can imagine the scene. The poor dog crouching in the corner, looking wistfully at the solitary cupboard, and the widow going to that cupboard—in hope, in expectation, may be—to open it, although we are not distinctly told that it was not half open or jar, to open it for that poor dog.

"But when she got there the cupboard was bare, And so the poor dog had none."

"When she got there! You see dear brother, what perseverance is. You see the beauty of persistence in doing right. She got there. There were no turnings or twistings, no slippings, and slidings, no leaning to the right or falterings to the left. With glorious simplicity we are told she got there.

"And how was her noble effort rewarded?

"The cupboard was bare! There were to be found neither oranges nor cheese, cakes nor penny buns, nor gingerbread, nor crackers, nor nuts, nor Lucifer matches. The cupboard was bare!

There was but one, only one solitary cupboard in the whole of that cottage, and that one, the sole hope of the widow and the glorious lead star of the poor dog, was bare. Had there been a log of mutton, a tin of lamb, a fillet of veal, even a tin of ice from Gunter's the case would have been different, the incident would have been otherwise. But it was bare, my brethren, bare as a bald head, bare as an infant born without a caud.

"Many of you will probably say, with all the pride of worldly sophistry: "The widow, no doubt, went out and bought a dog biscuit." Ah, no! Far removed from earthly ideals, these mundane desires, poor Mother Hubbard, the widow whom thoughtless worldlings would despise, in that she only owned a cupboard, 'perceived—or I might even say saw—at once the relentless logic of the situation, and yielded to it with all the heroism of that nature which had enabled her without deviation to reach the barren cupboard. She did not attempt, like the stiff-necked scoffers of this generation, to war against the inevitable; she did not try like the so-called men of science, to explain what she did not understand. She did nothing. "The poor dog had none!" And then at this point our informant ceases. But do we not know sufficient? Are we not cognizant of enough?

"Who would dare to pierce the veil that shrouds the uttermost fate of old Mother Hubbard—the poor dog—the cupboard—or the bone that was not there? Must we imagine her still standing at the open cupboard 'o'er, depict to ourselves the dog still drooping his disappointed tail upon the floor, the sought-for bone still remaining some where else? Ah! no my dear brethren, we are not so permitted to attempt to read the future. Suffice it for us to glean from this beautiful story its many lessons; suffice it for us to apply them, to study them as far as in us lies, and bearing in mind the natural frailty of our nature, to avoid being widows; to shun the patronymic of Hubbard; to have, if our means afford it, more than one cupboard in the house, and to keep stores in them all. And oh! dear friends, keeping in recollection what we have learned this day, let us avoid keeping dogs that are fond of bones. But, brethren, if we do—if fate has ordained that we should do any of these things, let us then go, as Mother Hubbard did, straight, without curveting or prancing, to our cupboard, empty though it be; let us, like her, accept the inevitable with calm steadfastness; and should we, like her, ever be left with a hungry dog and an empty cupboard, may future chroniclers be able to write also of us, in the beautiful words of our text;

"And so the poor dog had none."

—

A CURIOS LAKE.

In Colorado is a ten acre field which is no more nor less than a subterranean lake covered with soil about eighteen inches deep. On the soil is cultivated a field of corn, which produced thirty or forty bushels to an acre. If any one will dig a hole to the depth of a spade handle he will find it to fill with water, and by using a hook and line, fish four or five inches long can be caught. The fish have neither scales nor eyes, and are perch-like in shape. The ground is a black marl in its nature, and in all probability was at one time

which has increased from time to time until now it has a crust sufficiently strong and rich to produce fine corn, though it has to be cultivated by hand, as it is not strong enough to bear the weight of a a week.

Whilst harvesting, the field hands catch great strings of fish by punching a hole through the earth. A person on his heels and coming down suddenly can see the growing corn shake all around him. Any one having the strength to drive a nail through this crust will find on releasing it that it will disappear altogether. The whole section of country surrounding this field gives evidence of marshiness, and the least rain produces an abundance of mud. But the question comes up, "has not the body an outlet?" Although brackish, the water tastes as if fresh, and is evidently not stagnant. Yet those fish are cyclopes, and scaleless—fish to those found in caves.

STATE OF ALABAMA, Calhoun County.

Probate Court for said county.

Special term, July 19th 1879.

This day came J. M. Moody, adm'r of the estate of W. G. McRae, deceased, and filed his accounts and vouchers for a partial settlement of his administration thereof.

It is ordered that the 18th day of August, 1879, be appointed a day on which to make such settlement. — At which time all persons interested can appear and contest said settlement if they think proper.

L. W. CANNON, Judge of Probate.

July 26—31.

ASK YOURSELF THESE QUESTIONS.

Are you a despondent sufferer from Sick Headache, Habitual Costiveness, Palpitation of the Heart? Have you Dizziness of the Head? Is your Nervous System depressed? Does your Blood circulate badly? Have you a Cough? Low Spirits? Coming up of the food after eating? &c. &c. All of these and much more are the direct results of Dyspepsia, Liver Complaint and Indigestion.

Green's August Flower is now acknowledged by all Druggists to be a positive cure. 2,400,000 bottles were given away in the U. S. through Druggists to the people as a trial. Two doses will satisfy any person of its wonderful quality in curing all forms of indigestion. — Sample bottles 10 cents. Regular size 75 cents. Sold positively by all first-class druggists in the United States.

HOW TO FORECAST THE WEATHER.

The publisher of the Southern Agric. will shortly issue a pamphlet containing his method of weather prediction, so that any one can tell as readily as himself the changes that may occur each month, and also forecast the character of the seasons. Price of pamphlet, when delivered, 15 cents. Subscription taken at this office.

45 Years Before the Public.

THE GENUINE

DR. C. McLANE'S

CELEBRATED

LIVER PILLS.

FOR THE CURE OF

Hepatitis, or Liver Complaint.

DYSPEPSIA AND SICK HEADACHE.

Symptoms of a Diseased Liver

DRAIN in the right side, under the edge of the ribs, increases on pressure; sometimes the pain is in the left side; the patient is rarely able to lie on the left side; sometimes the pain is felt under the shoulder blade, and frequently extends to the top of the shoulder, and is sometimes mistaken for rheumatism in the arm. The stomach is affected with loss of appetite and sickness; the bowels in general are constipated, sometimes alternating with lax; the head is troubled with pain, accompanied with a dull, heavy sensation in the back part. There is generally a considerable loss of memory, accompanied with a painful sensation of having left undone something which ought to have been done. A slight, dry cough is sometimes an attendant. The patient complains of weariness and debility; he is easily fatigued, his feet are cold or burning, and he complains of a prickly sensation of the skin; his spirits are low and although he is satisfied that exercise would be beneficial to him, yet he can scarcely summon up fortitude enough to try it. In fact, he distrusts every remedy. Several of the above symptoms attend the disease, but cases have occurred where few of them existed, yet examination of the body after death, has shown the LIVER to have been extensively deranged.

AGUE AND FEVER.

DR. C. McLANE'S LIVER PILLS, 12

CASES OF AGUE AND FEVER, when taken with Quinine, are productive of the most happy results. No better cathartic can be used, preparatory to or after taking Quinine. We would advise all who are afflicted with this disease to give them a FAIR TRIAL.

THE PRIVATE MEDICAL ADVISER.

DR. C. McLANE'S LIVER PILLS.

DR. C

NOTICE
The members of the Calhoun County Schools are most earnestly requested to meet the Board of Directors at the court house, on the 20th of July, 1878, at a time of much importance.

JNO. D. HAMMOND,
President.

Notice at Alexandria will be highly感激. We regret that a full moon has rendered it impossible for us to be there. We went out to arrange the lines so as to drink. A quick start and striking on the back of the eye were dangerously hurt.

account of the celebration of Schools at Mountain to be held July 21st. The Cross Plains will be postponed until the 25th of August.

—Year Chocooco by J. N. P. Benj. Jordan to A. A. Bennett.

—At Chocooco by J. F. N. P. W. W. Fowler to Miss Ruth of Oxford.

OXFORD FLASHES.

Maxey and family of Miss. were in town several days, life, an accomplished lady, daughter of Mrs. Bines of this is afflicted with that fearful dropy. She has greatly during her short stay, many friends are grieved, the change of climate and medics used, of her complete recovery.

Roller of Selma is here under treatment of the Drs. Wilcox for cancer of the face and His brother in law, Mr. Ward accompanies him.

son of Wm. Jordan, of Chocooco valley, and Miss Eliza R. of Anniston, were married at Methodist church in this place P. M. on the 23rd inst. Rev. Taylor officiating. May Miss find an easy, Roden Jordan, farmers, many of them, in this are quite despondent over crop prospects. They say that now should it be seasonable this time forth, corn and cotton short one-half.

J. M. McLean and Prof. have gone to Columbiana to attend the Shelby County Sun-School Convention.

R. B. Maye, the traveling representative of the Chattanooga has passed through Oxford a days ago.

our young merchant prince J. Draper, returned the 23rd inst. in a six weeks northern tour, greatly refreshed.

Our town still continues dull

not more so than usual this

of year. Owing to the proximity of the Woodstock iron works

more lively, than most towns

size at this season.

BILLY JOHNS.

Calhoun Co., July.

ED. REPUBLICAN.

adventure to take the liberty of enclosing to you, papers containing, which I have made or copied from religious periodicals.

think on examination you will read in the conclusion, that the facts therein contained, give a evident evidence that they are the production of eminent Christian writers, in worthy of careful reading, but well calculate to elevate the moral and christian status of every reader.

submit them to you as an intelligent, practical and independent journal—whether or not you can allow and space for their publication in the Jacksonville Republican.

allow me to say, if you please, that I reason to believe that they have met the eye of many if not of your readers, and as the Republican has been long and deservedly popular standard, so that it is now looked upon as a paper, and a welcome visitor to my families, therefore should your vision be favorable to the publication such selections, and appropriate at least one or more columns of your paper week to religious articles, carefully selected and prepared, containing nothing calculated to excite controversy or create prejudice; you add to that extent supply the place of religious newspaper; for both, secular and religious, but few of us can spare the means.

This might be considered by many as new departure for a secular paper, but can say that it is not in the right direction as you will supply your readers with not only a greater variety, but healthy and interesting reading, and I could fain hope thereby the interest of your paper.

Now, Mr. Editor, I have explained my letter to a much greater length than anticipated when I sat down to write on this subject.

Please let my anxiety for the success of this enterprise as well as your own, be my apology. Allow me, however, to add conclusion, that as I have lived past the allotted age of man, having three score years and ten, and find the keeping of this frail tenement trembling and the strong man bowing, and the windows that look out onto the street showing signs of darkening, soon therefore, the silver cord may be loosened, or the golden bowl be broken, when man breathes his long home, and as my busi commission as well as sins of omission are constantly besetting this mortal body, I must beg that you allow me (should you publish this letter) for the present appear before your readers in.

PHIL.

IS RELIGION BEAUTIFUL?

Always in the child, the maiden, the wife, the mother, pure religion shines with a holy, benignant beam of its own which nothing on earth can mar.

Never yet was the female character perfect without the steady faith of piety, beauty, intellect, wealth; they are like the sun, dark in the brightest day, unless the divine light; unless pure religion throw her soft beams around them, to purify and exalt, making them three glorious stars which seemed all lowliness before.

The first case of yellow fever in Memphis was pronounced sporadic.

Pure religion is very beautiful—in health or sickness, in wealth or poverty: We never enter a sick chamber of the good but soft music seems to float on the air, and the burden of their song, is "Lo! Peace is here!"

Our pure religion! benevolent—majestic; high on Thy Throne. Thou sittest glorious and exalted. Not above the clouds, for earth—clouds come nearer between thee and the truly pious soul; not beneath the clouds, for above them as Heaven opening through a broad vista of exceeding beauty.

Its gates in the splendor of jasper, and precious stones, are white with the dewy light that neither flashes nor blazes, but steadily proceeds from the Throne of God. Its tapers are bathed in resplendent glory, of ten times the brightness of ten thousand such, yet soft, undazzling to the eye.

And there religion points. 'Art thou weary? it whispers, "Rest—up there for ever."

Art thou weighed down with unmerited ignominy? "Kings and Priests in that heavenly home." Art thou poor?—The very streets before thy mansion shall be gold. Art thou friendless? The angels shall be thy companions, and God thy friend and father. Is religion beautiful? We answer, all is desolation and deformity, awhererever religion is not.

A GOOD LEGACY.

The friends of Mr. Jefferson Davis will rejoice that the legacies which he has received at the hands of a belligerent widow place him above the need of returning for United States Senator from Mississippi. Through the friendship and admiration of Mrs. Sarah A. Dorsey, of Mississippi, her testamentary disposition of the property, and death, Mr. Davis is now the possessor of two cotton plantations and a villa on the gulf coast, where he is now residing, enjoying his *otium cum dignitate*. Since the close of the war a series of disasters have followed Mr. Davis. His property has been embarrassed and was finally swamped, he was entangled in ruinous lawsuits, his business ventures were disappointments; his children died; many of his friends proved as faithless as his enemies many and fierce. The heart must be bad indeed which can endure him in that far off son of poverty.

A sigh of relief escaped his lips, and glided by the faint rays of the decaying twilight, at his jeweled chronometer, he arose to close his office for the day. Suddenly he felt an iron clutch at his throat when looking up he beheld in dim outline the rough features of a demon face! "Sam Johnson," he involuntarily cried, in half-strangled articulation, at the same time clutching his hand into a rear guard for his tried and tested life. His agile fingers could draw and fire a heavy blow upon the temple sent him reeling and bleeding to the floor, a helpless, senseless mass.

Clasping the hunger iron safe, a muttered oath of disappointment escaped the lips of the fiendish assailant at finding it secreted.

At sound of approaching foot-steps, fearing he should be discovered, he rushed to the front door, struck it with a force and fury unusual, and then, clutching his darkness without he hurried as fast as his legs could carry him through a neighboring alley, and was soon far away upon an obscure street in the suburbs of the city.

Meanwhile Joe, recovering sufficiently to regain his feet with the assistance of a chair close by, staggered to the door just in time to hail Maj. B—, who was at that moment passing on his way home. He informed him as best he could of the foul transaction that had just taken place, and the name of his murderous assailant.

Some fall back where some move on. Some flags furled where others flash Until the battle has been won.

Some sleep when some eyes wake; So do the dreary night hours go; Some hearts beat when some hearts break.

I often wonder why 'tis so.

Some will faint where some will fly;

Some love the tent and some the field;

I often wonder who are right—

The ones who strive, or those who yield.

Some hands hold where other hands

Are lifted bravely in the strife;

And so th' ages and th' lands

Move on the two extremes of life.

Some feet halt where some feet tread

In tireless march, a thorny way;

Some struggle on where some have fled;

Some seek when others shun the fray.

Some swords rust where others clash.

Some fall back where some move on.

Some flags furled where others flash

Until the battle has been won.

Some sleep when some eyes wake;

The vig'! of the true and brave;

They will not rest till roses creep

Around their name, above the grave.

—(Father Ryan.)

QUICK WIT WINS.

Years ago, into a wholesale grocery store in Boston walked a tall, muscular looking man, evidently a fresh comer from the backwoods town in Maine or New Hampshire. Accosting the first person he met, who happened to be the merchant himself, he said:

"You don't want to hire a man in your store, do you?"

"Well," said the merchant, "I don't know; what can you do?"

"Do?" said the man; "rather guess I can turn my hand to most anything what do you want done?"

"Well, if I was to hire a man it would be one that could lift well, a strong, wiry fellow, one, for instance, that could shake a sack of coffee like yonder, and carry it across the floor and never lay it down."

"There now, Captain," said the countryman, "that's just me. I can lift well, but you will not be able to move me, for I am a tall, thin man, and I can't suit me better. What will you give a man that will suit you?"

"I'll tell you," said the merchant.

"You will shoulder that sack of coffee and carry it across the store twice and never lay it down. I will hire you a year at \$100 per month."

"Done," said the stranger, and by this time every clerk in the store had gathered around and were waiting to see what would happen.

In due time the countryman arrived, and was shown the spot where yester evening he had been.

A few minutes after Joe was home to his couch in an agonizing condition, and the doctor arrived for him.

When the doctor arrived he found his patient in a state of delirium, and declared much apprehension, last, the injury would prove fatal. Infatuation of a severe type had already set in, and for a time Joe Phillips' life was to hang in the balance.

Next morning, early, the city was fairly astir with indignation over the foul deed, a fall from which had suddenly appeared in the Morning Journal.

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